

Inter-America

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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NUMBER 4

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles, nor make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censuring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

INTER-AMERICA is established at the instance of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, one of whose objects is to cultivate friendly feelings between the inhabitants of different countries, and to increase the knowledge and understanding of each other by the several nations.

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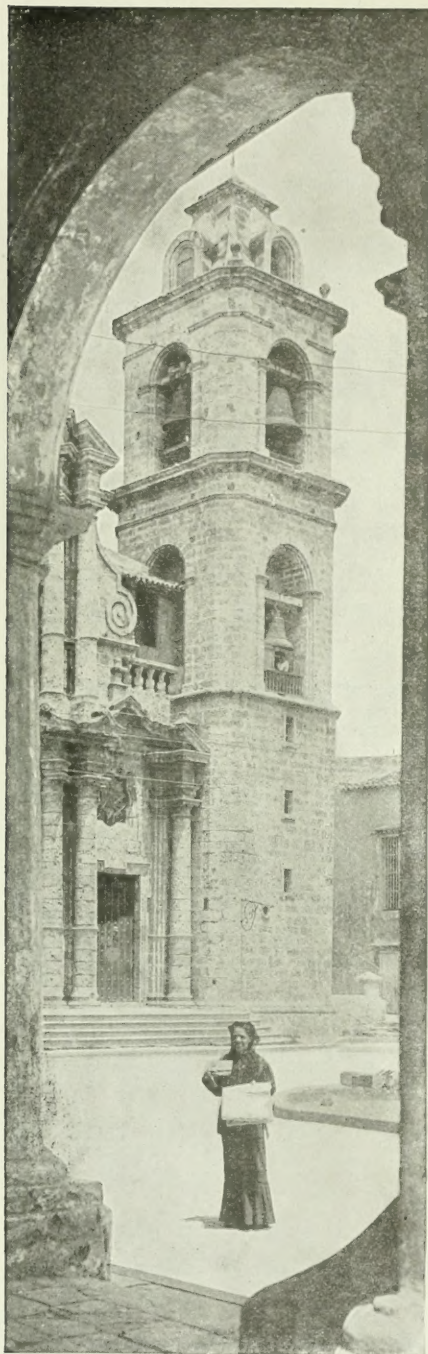
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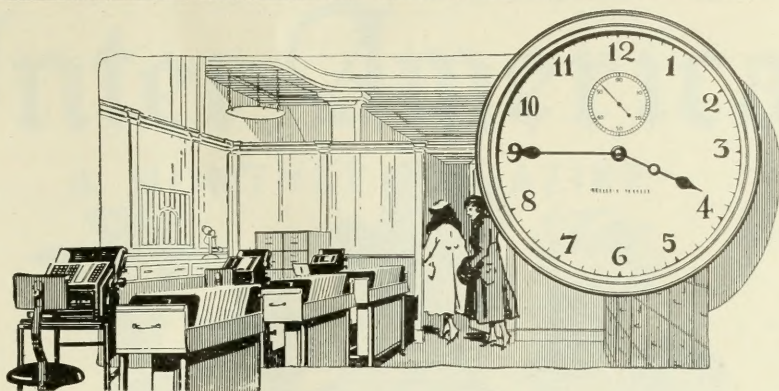
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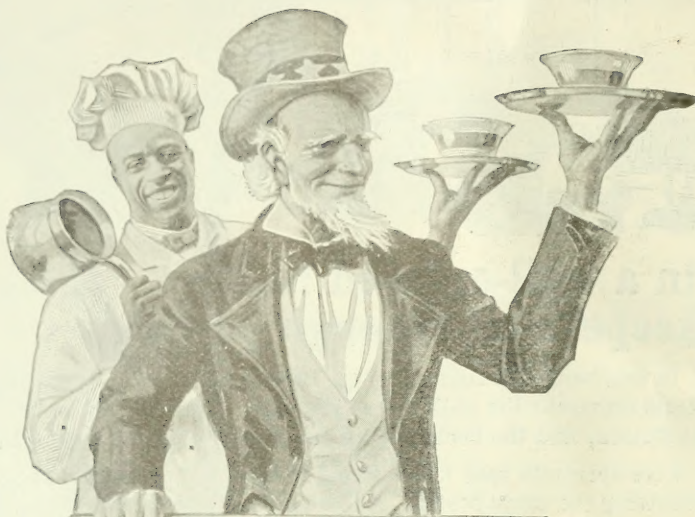
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REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

RAMÓN MENÉNDEZ PIDAL: b. in La Coruña, Spain, in 1869; professor of Romanic philology in the university of Madrid; a member of the Real Academia Española and of the Real Academia de la Historia; president of the Centro de Estudios Históricos, of Madrid, and the director of the *Revista de Filología Española*; he has given courses of lectures in both South and North America; his most important works are: *La leyenda de los infantes de Lara*; *Gramática histórica española*; *L'épopée castillane à travers la littérature espagnole*; *Cantar de Mio Cid, texto, gramática y vocabulario*.

JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ: b. in Montevideo, Uruguay, c. 1870, he died in Palermo, Sicily, May 3, 1917; a man of letters and philosopher; known and honored throughout the world; the following are among his principal works: *Rubén Darío*; *Liberalismo y jacobinismo*; *Motivos de Proteo*; *Ariel*; *El mirador de Próspero*.

GERARDO ZÚÑIGA MONTÚFAR: a Costa Rican lawyer, just graduated and admitted to the bar.

MARCO FIDEL SUÁREZ: b. in Bello, near Medellín, Colombia, c. 1860; he was educated at Medellín and Bogotá; a publicist, philologist, humanist, author; a corresponding member of the Real Academia Española and of the Real Academia de la Historia, of Spain; the author of a number of political, sociological and linguistic works; he was recently elected to the presidency of Colombia.

GUILLERMO RAMÍREZ SANZ: b. in Santiago, Chile, c. 1877; he was educated at the university of Chile, Santiago; a lawyer; for six years a member of the committee of Finance of the chamber of Deputies; a contributor to the press, who has written many articles on financial subjects.

CAMILO DESTRUGE: an Ecuadorian historian and man of letters; the director of the Municipal library of Guayaquil; author

of *Biografía del general don Juan Illingworth* and of *Episodios históricos*.

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO: b. in Bogotá, Colombia, c. 1880; he was educated in Bogotá; a professor of Spanish and a man of letters; he has served as secretary of the Colombian legation in Madrid, and as secretary of the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores of his country, an office which he continues to fill. Among his works the following may be mentioned: *Lecciones de literatura castellana*; *Ecos perdidos*; and many uncollected articles.

JOSÉ FERNÁNDEZ CORIA: (no data obtainable regarding this author).

PEDRO PRADO: b. in Santiago, Chile, October 8, 1886; educated at the university of Chile, Santiago, specializing in architecture; he has devoted himself to authorship, the following being among his more considerable works: *Flores de Cardo*; *La casa abandonada*; *El llamado del mundo*; *La reina de Rapa-Nui*; *Ensayos*; he was the proprietor and director of *La revista contemporánea*, and he was the founder and he is director of *Ediciones de Los Diez*, devoted to the publications of a group of young Chilean artists.

VÍCTOR MERCANTE: an Argentine educator and man of letters; professor and dean of the faculty of the science of Education in the university of La Plata.

JUAN E. O'LEARY: b. in Asunción, Paraguay, c. 1880; educated at the National college and the National university; a man of letters, educator, historian, publicist; he is a professor in the National college, which he has served as president and vice-president, and a member of the chamber of Deputies; the author of numerous poems, essays and historical sketches; he has made a specialty of collecting whatever relates to Carlos Antonio López, Francisco Solano López and the war of Paraguay, subjects to which he attaches supreme importance.

THE TERM "LATIN AMERICA"

BY

RAMÓN MENÉNDEZ PIDAL

A disquisition upon this widely used term, in which the writer undertakes to show that it is not only improper but inadmissible; and he offers certain substitutes, which he considers irreproachable. In his objection to the term "Latin America," he is supported by many important writers of the countries to which this name is often applied.—THE EDITOR.

FOR some time I have observed that the foreign neologism "Latin America" has been spreading among us.

Indeed, everything that proceeds from countries of greater culture is always catching, whether it be good or bad. Now, however, the fact of beholding this name flaunted daily in the pages of a newspaper like *El Sol*, moves me to present a statement in opposition, a statement which I address to you, asking you to make my interest yours, if it seem rational.

The reason for preferring this neologism to the ancient name is the belief that under the old title of "Spanish America," Brazil, with its Portuguese speech, can not be included. This is the reason given by James Bryce, in 1914 (in his work on South America), for proposing the neologism, and it is proper to note that he accepts it with little warmth, since he uses promiscuously the names "Latin America" and "Spanish America," and whenever he tries to contrast the "Anglo-American" characteristics with those of the rest of America he uses the traditional adjective "Hispano-American." Apart from Brazil, there is no other difficulty; for I think that the French element of Haiti may not be taken into account. To invoke half the island of "Hispaniola" by antonomasia, in order to impugn the traditional name of "Spanish America," would be as proper as to object to the adjective "Latin" in view of the Dutch and Danish elements in Caribbean and southern America, or to impugn the name "English America" out of regard for the French element in Canada.

Returning to the difficulty of Brazil, I think it disappears when we consider that the name "Spain" always had in our language the ample sense of the Latin "Hispania," since, from the time of the *Crónica de España* of Alfonso the Wise until to-day, the history of Portugal has been included. Among us the name "Spanish Peninsula" is thus used side by side with "Iberian Peninsula"; and, recognizing the same extension of the name, the French say also "Péninsule Hispanique." I shall cite another very pertinent example. In 1904 there was founded in New York a society which, according to its statutes, has as its object the "advancement of the study of the Spanish and Portuguese languages, literature and history." Therefore this society has taken no other name than "The *Hispanic Society of America*," thus recognizing that the term Hispanic includes the Portuguese element, the same as the Castilian and the Catalan element; and, in fact, carrying out its statutes and its title, the Hispanic Society has splendidly published *Os Lucidas* and the *Concionero de Resende*, by the side of *Poema del Cid*, the *Quijote* and *Tirant lo Blanch*.

If then for natives and foreigners the name "Spain" represents, in its broad sense, this ancient quadripartite unity, which errors in thinking and policy have not succeeded in maintaining in its due cohesion, I see no obstacle to comprehending, under the name of "Spanish America," by the side of the eighteen republics born in the territories colonized by Castile, the republic that sprang up in the land of Portuguese colonization.

It is clear that the adjective "Spanish" has also a restricted sense, in opposition to

"Portuguese"; but he who would escape the possible ambiguity of this adjective might adopt the form "Hispanic" or "Hispano," which, by being erudite and Latin, indicate better that they are taken in the broad sense, in order to qualify all that proceeded from Hispania as a whole, the only way it was conceived of by the Romans. "Hispano America" seems to me to be irreproachable, and it has besides the advantage of corresponding with the compound adjective, "Hispano-American," so much used by the Americans.¹

Indeed, any one who may not like either of these names, has still at his disposition the term "Iberian America," with the adjective "Iberian-American," now in such general use.

None of these names, however, has been sufficient, since, about 1910, the term "Latin America" began to be generalized, principally by France and the United States. The propriety of such a name seems to me to be very doubtful. The adjective "Latin," applied to the nations that inherited the language of Latium, is in itself perfectly acceptable; but, since in this sense it involves no concept of race, but only of language, it seems to me to be entirely improper to extend its meaning so as to apply it to nations that received their language, not from Latium, but from the Hispanic peninsula, that is, from Castile and Portugal. These American nations did not inherit the Latin tongue, as Spain, France and Italy inherited it along with their Latin colonization; but they received the Hispanic languages, that is, Castilian and Portuguese, and in adjectivizing these languages with reference to their origin, they are commonly called neo-Latin, and not Latin.

Not only is the name "Latin America,"

taken as it is in general in the concept of race, improper, but it is also inadmissible. If no one believes in the Latin race of Spain, what may be said regarding the Latinity of the races in those republics where, upon the Indian elements, are accumulated Spanish elements, at times predominantly Basque, that is to say, proceeding from a people which neither by its race, nor even by its language, has the least semblance of Latinism. With how much reason do certain Hispano-American writers protest against "the most prejudicial error of believing us to be Latins and of the Latin race," as the author of a widely spread book upon the *Raza chilena* (Chilean Race) declares, and with how much reason the eminent propagator of Hispanic sentiments, J. C. Cebrián, combated also the neologism we are discussing? In short, the name "Latin America," taken however you will, overlooks the exclusive part which the Spanish Peninsula had in the creation of America, from México to Patagonia; and it denies the important part that is due in this enterprise to a people like that of Gascony, which neither racially nor linguistically had anything to do with Latium.

Granted that the foreigner (whether from lack of consideration for our name or from conceding an ideal part in this New World to the other nations called Latin) may invent the flaming title "Latin America," to distinguish the portion of America discovered and colonized by the Hispanic races, we Spaniards are certainly not the ones to adopt this neologism with precipitateness. To become enamored of it and to propagate it is to contribute to the propagation of a false denomination, and to blot out our name from half the world, whither the past generations carried it by sacrificing much of their flesh and blood in the colossal enterprise.

¹The writer refers here not to the Americans of the United States, but to those of the southern countries of America.—THE EDITOR.



A DIALOGUE BETWEEN BRONZE AND MARBLE

BY

JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ

History and ideas of art presented in the guise of a dialogue between two classic pieces of sculpture, to which life and the author's subtle and poetic feelings and modes of expression are attributed.—THE EDITOR.

SCENE: *Plaza de la Signoria, Florence*

PERSONAGES: Michelangelo's DAVID
Benvenuto Cellini's PERSEUS
A chorus of vestals

PERSEUS: "I am heroic pride. On my forehead of bronze shines the inherited majesty of Zeus, and my look and my gesture sculpture the sublime voluptuousness of triumph. I know that I am strong, august and beautiful, and I desire to taste glory, to provoke love, to spread fear. In the fruition of my prowess I transcend, like an anticipated disdain, the dangers that sought to limit the unfolding of my strength and my ambition. I shall bear the severed head of Medusa, which I exalt in my hand, that it may flourish in the shield of Athene. From the boiling blood of the fury will spring forth the winged horse, faithful to the poets, who will give me the swiftness of the lightning. Mine shall be all that the imagination dreams of: glory, nobility, divinity. I shall be a cager of monsters, a king through my endeavor, a glorifier of legendary treasures, a knight to liberate captive princesses. I shall chastise the inhospitable haughtiness of Atlas; I shall snatch the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides; and afterward I shall enjoy the highest prize, the sweetest sanction, of heroism, in the enamored bosom of Andromeda. I discern it all at this instant of my life, and it is all reflected in the expression of my Olympic selfhood. Beautiful is the world, as a stage for Heroes; beautiful is the participation of the man and the god: everlasting youth; radiant and sovereign energy."

DAVID: "I am candid heroism. I be-

hold in myself a strength and a grace that dominate others; I see men surround me that I may lead them to victory; and when I pass, women turn to look at me. But I neither seek this nor know wherein consists the attraction I have in me. To-day is my day of trial. The morning is clear; the air is fresh and animating. My flocks are out in the deserts feeding. I go forth to meet the giant who is challenging the people of Israel. To wreak this vengeance I have no will for shield or buckler. Forehead and breast bare, and in them burning a flame of faith; for weapons, the stones I have plucked from the brook and the sling upon my shoulder; I go to lower the pride of Goliath. I trust in the arm of the Lord, for he is just, and he will not withhold it from his people; I put confidence in the arm of the Lord, for he gave me strength to slay the bear and lion that lay in wait for my flocks. Prophetic glimmerings tell me of a throne that awaits me, of a Zion that I am to magnify, of an empire that will open to my steps; but I know only that God is great; and that to exalt him, I was born with two virtues: one of them drives me to do battle, like the wild beasts of the forest, without shield or sword; and the other moves me to sing, like the birds of the heavens, without reflection or vanity."

PERSEUS: "My brother, we speak as if we were not held by the enchantment of art. Who turned thee into everlasting marble?"

DAVID: "He who charmed me into marble was a man in whom I recognize a great part of myself. He was of the caste of those who fight with giants, and who know the way to publish abroad the glory of God. He appeared in the court

of the Medici when from it shone over Italy the new love of beauty, and he gave reins to his genius in order to fashion marble into Titanic figures and color into sublime undulations. He was the revealer of gigantic forms, of strength beyond human measure, of prophetic and tragic visions. A world obeyed him: him of my race and age, him of the people of God and of the wandering in the desert and of the law of justice, because that world was strong and austere like him. His subjugating energy diffused itself, like the inspiration of the prophets, in the shadow and in pain. That sovereign possessor of glory passed through real life in solitude and sadness, without smiling, even upon the images of his fancy, and this sadness was that of the Platonic reminiscence, it was the infinite nostalgia of one who has contemplated, in another sphere, ideal beauty, and who knows how to be quiet in the dust of the earth: *'Oh, che miseria è dunque d'esser nato! . . .* In descending the slope of life, he incarnated this dream of beauty in the posthumous work of one of the noblest figures of a woman that ever made human clay divine: it was in memory of Victoria Colonna; and this contemplative love anointed him as a poet, and from his songs arose a new personified Idea to the angelical chorus of Beatrice and Laura. When all his generation had yielded to death, he continued standing like an oak that challenges the storm: favored by the gift of an Homeric old age, and always bent over marble and always alone and always sad. He was named Michelangelo Buonarroti."

PERSEUS: "Michelangelo . . . my conjurer called him 'the Divinest.'"

DAVID: "Who was thine enchanter?"

PERSEUS: "He who conjured me from the bronze was a man of two natures: he was half an envoy of the Graces, and half an abortion of the Furies. The day on which this man was born, the hidden gnomes, the elemental genii who, in the bowels of the earth, guard the caverns of the precious stones and veins of metal, dancing, celebrated the nativity of the one who had come for their glory. As a child, he received from the occult powers

the favor of seeing a salamander in the transparency of fire. The marvelous virtue he bore in himself was shown as soon as he had at hand a chisel. This man was the one predestined to extend to precious substances the yoke of Form, already imposed upon marbles and bronzes. From his bewitching hands sprang up, like sparks from the hearth, medals, cups, reliquaries, rings, candelabra of a beauty never seen. Mingled with this flame of gold burned in his soul a bloody flame of vengeance and wrath. With the same deftness with which he would chase the hilt of a dagger, he would plunge the blade in the breast of a man; he was a violent assassin whose fingers had been fashioned by a fairy. His maleficent instinct mounted up once to the heroic mark, as in the defence of Rome, when it was sacked, and to epic astuteness, as in his escape from the castle of Sant'Angelo. Pontiffs and kings disputed for him. In the court which he frequented were passed about the most precious cups and the most beautiful coins, and with the wild outbreaks of one possessed alternated in that monstrous soul the contriteness of the penitent, the transports of the mystic, the illuminations of the visionary. He ended by being a minister of the Lord, without ceasing to flourish either the dagger of the brave or the chisel of the goldsmith. His name was Benvenuto Cellini."

DAVID: "Why do not the hands that conjured us endure like this marble and that bronze?"

PERSEUS: "Dost thou remember how thy enchantment took place?"

DAVID: "It was when the splendor of the first Medici still held sway in Florence. The Gonfalonier Soderini wished to emulate their munificence and their passion for art. In the "Opera" of Santa Maria dei Fiore lay an enormous block of marble, whence a certain sculptor, Simon of Fiesole, had intended to carve a colossal statue, without impressing there more than the traces of his own impotence and discouragement. Soderini was anxious to see brought forth from that mass the colossus that was waiting to be created, and he doubted whether to make use, in

attacking the enterprise, of Leonardo da Vinci or Andrea Conducci. About that time, however, Michelangelo returned to Florence. He saw the mountain of marble, and then, looking within himself, he promised the work. The idea that dawned in the mind of the artist, placed between the enormity of the stone and the feeling of his inner strength, was my youthful image. He evoked me at the most beautiful hour of my life: in the vague consciousness of my destiny; in the promise of glory itself; in the hope of triumph, so much better than victory achieved! He thus obtained the living image of immaculate energy, of heroic candor. He at once gave himself up to the stone, and for the space of three years I felt how the stroke of the chisel was injecting into the white depths of the marble a spark of my ideal life. When the enchantment was completed, I knew this immortality in beautiful form to be true beatitude. I was exalted to a peace that could not express itself in the language of men. This almost adolescent Michelangelo who had evoked me to a new being still bore on his soul the kiss of the Medician Florence, the seal of an environment impregnated with a Platonic serenity, the stamp of a serenity which the reaction of his impetuous and somber genius would soon superimpose. Therefore I was reborn wearing on my forehead somewhat of the calm of the gods and of the Achean heroes. For this reason I resemble Apollo. Later, in the dome of the Sistine, the Michelangelo of maturity fashioned me again; but there I share the wind of a tempest of forms and colors; there I have the thrill of action, here the repose of thought. Tell me now of thine enchantment."

PERSEUS: "Benvenuto Cellini raised me upon the flight of his fancy in obedience to a mandate of Cosmo de' Medici. The glory of the sculptor, which he sought, fascinated the artificer of gold, and he devoted himself to my image with all the vehemence of his soul. I was at first a phantom of his imagination; then he gave me a pallid life in the plaster model; and finally he set me in the hard and sempiternal metal. He cleared a space

for the mold in his garden in the street of the Pergola, uprooting to this end trees and vines. The task was begun. Oh, what a Vulcanic work it was, how moving the history of my incarnation in bronze! Benvenuto, seized with the creative fury, alone at first, afterward with a few workmen, always without sufficient means for the material labor, stirred about directing the influence of the fire, and he passed a hundred times from enthusiasm to desperation and from rapture to rage. At certain moments the tears from his eyes were evaporated in the liquid bronze. I participated from the depths of his thought, in these convulsions of inspiration, fury, pain, and I tell thee it was in truth a fine tempest. With tenderest prayers for the success of his dreamed-of image, there alternated on his lips vows of death for the enemies to whom he attributed the slowness of his work. He had come to worship me like a son whom he must defend against mortal perils. At times he had to leave me to mount a diamond or chase a cup. A Ganymede of marble I saw born and take form near the cradle of my fire. But always he returned to me with longing ardor. One day, bending over the furnace, aureoled by the ruddy splendor like a Cyclops, he was stirring the thick logs of pine with which he fed the slumbering element, when, behold, an immense mass of flames mounts up, and the whole workshop catches on fire. With desperate efforts he succeeds in repairing the damage, but soon anguish and weariness bring him down, overcome with fever. He thinks he is going to die, and his words are to confide me to his friends and to beg them to make me survive. Then some one comes to tell him that the work is being ruined, that the bronze is curdling for lack of heat. Benvenuto springs instantly from his couch; recovers by enchantment his health, agility and strength; comes to me; renews the dying fire; beside himself, he hurls into the mass of bell metal the plates, dishes, tin vessels from his table, and he sees the bronze run again; he breathes, he triumphs. The statue has been wrought: with marvelous proportion the sum of the metal has turned out to be

exactly what is required to complete the oval of my head. Two days afterward, on a clear morning in spring, I received the kiss of the sun in the loggia dei Lanzi. Cosmo de' Medici was visible at one of the windows of the palace. A longing multitude, crowded in front of me, admired me. Ah, never will cease to sound in my ears of bronze the acclaim of the people of Florence, saluting the victory of harmonious Form like the entry of a king or trophies of war! When Benvenuto passed, the multitude uncovered, as for the passage of a hero. This enthusiasm lasted for many days, and the masters and students of Piza, who were then enjoying their vacation, every morning filled with laudatory phrases the columns neighboring my pedestal. Beautiful, most beautiful times!"

DAVID: "I witnessed thy triumphal epiphany."

PERSEUS: "A sweet time it was. Dost remember the picturesque ebullition of life in the open loggias, the centers of conversation, art and philosophy, like the porticos of Athens? Dost recall the humming, as of droning bees, about my ancient marble recovered, about a yellow codex restored to light? Dost bring to mind again the procession, the masks, the mythological pomp, when youth represented in the streets, as in an immense uncovered theater, the apotheosis of mirth and strength?"

DAVID: "Thou sawest no more than the sunset. I beheld the radiant light of midday; I witnessed in its plenitude the empire of antiquity renewed. I heard float on the wind the murmur of the Platonic feasts, gathered around the idolized form of the Master, in the garden of Fiesole; the sweet reasoning of the initiates, chorused about by the harmonious vibrations of the pines. Before me have stopped Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto. I saw, before thou hadst come, fifty years of glory, with my true eyes, which for three centuries the sun reflected here: for I, who speak to thee, am but a shade, a shadow of stone: my very 'I' suffers imprisonment in a museum."

PERSEUS: "What is a museum?"

DAVID: "A prison for us: an invention of degenerate races to bring together, in common, sad confinement, what was born designed to occupy, according to its nature, an environment and a setting of its own, if not to exercise dominion in open space, at least in the freedom of the air and sun."

PERSEUS: "What remains, if it be not our immortality, of that divine season?"

DAVID: "The idea, in the imperishable spirit of man."

PERSEUS: "The man 'I' does not exist. The harmonious creature that gave with its body the archetype of our beauty, and with its soul, the pattern of our serenity, passed, like the demigods of my race and like the prophets of thy gigantic Israel. Those who to-day call themselves men, a noble title that your God and my gods willed to bear, are not men, except in slightest wise. All are mutilated, all are incomplete. Those that have eyes, have not ears; those who show fully arched brows, show the arches of their breasts sunken; those who have strength for thinking, have not strength for willing. They are the leavings of men; they are emancipated viscera. There is wanting among them the common soul whence always has been born whatever of the enduring or the great that has been wrought. Their idea of the world is that of a sepulcher, sad and cold. Their art is a histrionic contortion, an impotent mimicry. Their social norm is equality, the sophism of pallid envy. From wisdom, they have banished beauty; from passions, joy; from war, heroism. Their genius is for utilitarian invention, and they bestow the supreme glorification upon him who, after a life devoted to scratching over the surface of things, gives to the world one of those ingenious contrivances with which the Leonardo of our century played, as with the crumbs upon his table, between a divine picture and a general theory."

DAVID: "What is thy consolation in nostalgia?"

PERSEUS: "What men have not changed: sky, air, light."

DAVID: "And what thy greatest torment?"

PERSEUS: "To listen to the comments of travelers."

DAVID: "Of those who look at thee, which are the ones that comprehend thee?"

PERSEUS: "The very exalted and the very lowly: those who come bearing in their souls an idea with which to compare me, and who generally remain mute; and the children dressed in rags who, in the arms of the beggar women, come near to touch the statuettes of my pedestal, and manifest their pleasure by smiling: '*Come é bello!*'"

DAVID: "By what dost thou recognize those who are worthy to look at thee?"

PERSEUS: "In that when they look at me I feel as if the fire of the forge were burning again in my arteries of bronze, and were transmitting to me anew the creative breath, and were communicating to me once more superhuman tremors, terrible anguish, sublime mirth, in the form that is going to 'be,' that is going to infuse itself into the core of the obscure and rebellious material. Afterward, in a kind of dream, I behold that I am reborn, in distant lands, among peoples whom I never saw, reincarnated in harmonious words, in wise lessons of beauty, in heroic figures that spring out of stone and color, or simply in a white idea that remains, like the shyness of the vestal virgins, in the solitude of a noble thought."

DAVID: "Perseus, will joy, the abund-

ance of inventions, the jovial creative energy ever return to the world?"

PERSEUS: "When men believe again in the gods."

DAVID: "With faith in the beautiful?"

PERSEUS: "No; with faith in religion. The world will produce new gods. Faith in omnipotent and infinite deity will be succeeded again by faith in partial divinities, beneficent and active numens, but with limited power, who will exercise in an orderly hierarchy the government of things, and with whom men will have an understanding more easily, because the limitations of their power will explain the limitations of their favor and their justice. Gods and mortals will work together in the same universal task."

DAVID: "From my posterity was born he who came to redeem the world, and who is the only true God. Christ will never die."

PERSEUS: "Why should he die? Beneath the clear sky of Florence are already conciliated the light of the gospel and the philosophy that the gods dictated. Seest thou the splendor that gilds the marble brow of Neptune? It is the sun that comes to illuminate the height of Calvary and the ruins of the Parthenon."

THE VESTALS OF MARBLE IN THE LOGGIA DI OCAGNA:

"Apollo! Apollo! bring us for Florence new inspiration and new glory."



INTERNATIONAL FAILURES¹

BY

GERARDO ZÚÑIGA MONTÚFAR

A brief and comprehensive statement of the failures of international law and relations occasioned or brought to light by the present war, with a comparison of the present war with the Napoleonic wars, emphasis being laid upon the part played by Great Britain, both against Napoleon and against the actual German pretensions and aggressions, "for the preservation of the international equilibrium." The author concludes that, in spite of the violation of treaties and the temporary eclipse of international law, "neither law nor liberty will ever be dead in the earth," and, with Ruy Barbosa, that "to put in doubt to-day the authority of morality in the laws of nations, is to blot out at one stroke twenty centuries of Christian progress."—THE EDITOR.

AT THE moment in which the world is bleeding to death, in which the Titanic struggle, the most gigantic of the ages, is taking place beyond the ocean, it may seem strange to many that we seek in the field of law a thesis for dissertation—when flags hang at half-mast, and the doleful bell tolls and tolls without ceasing. We are passing through a period when force is in full sway, and when international law, like a violated virgin, shows its rent garments in wild and shocking disorder. It would seem that the Biblical trumpet has received the mandate to sound the final act of human existence, and that there remains naught of international law but the bare text torn into incomplete fragments. A treaty is "paper," and the articles of the famous conference of The Hague, presided over by the internationalist Martens, appear to be reduced to scraps by the course of events. To the prohibition of the use of dum-dum bullets—thus named from the ammunition works at Calcutta—the contracting parties have responded with inflammable liquids, boiling metals and oils, asphyxiating gases and other excesses, diabolical products of an inflamed imagination. It was prohibited to destroy for destruction's sake, as Louvois did in the Palatinate. The regulations of The Hague, Article 23G, contain formal precepts upon this point. Article 23 of these regulations, revised in 1907, mentions the prohibition of attacking or bombarding, by whatsoever means, undefended cities, villages or

settled places. Nevertheless, we know already how the cannon and bombs have respected the agreement. The innocent blood of Abel has been shed and is being shed; and, as in primitive days, the scimitar has mowed down the heads of thousands of unfortunate Armenians.

I excuse myself to-day from looking for pearls in the profound abyss of common law, of that law regarding which enough has been said by the learned, since the epoch of Gaius and Justinian, the Napoleonic period and the celebrated commentators of Belgium and France. It seems more opportune and pleasant to relate. Let us relate then, within the peremptory limit, as synthetically as possible, something that may bear relation to the affairs of the moment, by connecting the present conflict with another conflict, and by ascertaining in passing if international law is afloat or is suffering shipwreck, as many believe, upon an infinite sea.

The present conflict bears a likeness to the state of things in Europe that culminated in the peace of Presburg, in December, 1805. Then, as to-day, Great Britain was leading in a general war, to combat the dreaded ambitions of the most genial of the world's warriors, Napoleon Bonaparte, as it is to-day the leader in the struggle against a martial and terrible people.

In 1803, Napoleon had associated with his forces, Spain, by the treaty of Paris; Portugal, by the treaty of Lisbon; Switzerland, by the treaty of Freiburg; and he was dragging in Holland and Italy, where his orders were carried out.

Great Britain, associated with Russia,

¹A thesis presented in a public examination at San José for admission to the bar.—THE EDITOR.

Austria and Sweden, formed a powerful coalition, that triumphed on the sea at Trafalgar, but had to yield on land at Ulm and Austerlitz. The present conflict, vaster still, includes a part of Asia and America, and, like the former one, it involves the same cause: it is a struggle against an ambitious hegemony. It would seem that Europe experiences terror at the idea of a new Roman empire. From all this immense heave and swell good is to be hoped for, as a positive result of the great evolutions, in the train of which the existence of man, by a biological law, will come forth saner.

The Holy alliance, representing traditional Europe, stirred up war against revolutionary France. In vain the emperor Leopold of Germany, the king of Prussia, and the elector of Saxony, assembled at Pilnitz, agreed to restrain (1791) the democratic manifestations that originated with the Great revolution. From that struggle between absolutism and liberty, conquests and losses of territory resulted. The innovating spirit of the age gave birth to the greatest of all captains, who, triumphing on every stage, wrought about his own pedestal the new bonds that later were to be shattered at Waterloo, in order to give way to the irresistible advance of historical evolution.

From the great duel that was begun by the kings at Pilnitz, truces by different treaties resulted: the treaty of Luneville, reëstablishing peace between France and the Germanic empire; the treaty of Florence, between France and the kingdom of the two Sicilies; the treaty of Madrid, between France and Portugal; the treaty of Paris, between France and Russia; the treaty of Amiens, between France and England. The struggle set its torch aflame between the genius of war and the genius of English liberty: that English liberty which brought to America the good seed, and gave to Jamestown, in 1619, the first national assembly elected popularly by free men, and which has been alluded to as "the happy dawn of legislative liberty in America": that English genius which gave to Virginia the first government based upon the principle of universal suffrage, and to Maryland a constitutional

charter, linking representative government in an indefinite manner with its existence, and proclaiming *self-government*;¹ which brought the Puritans to New England, inspired by the exemplary figure of William of Orange and impregnated with the spirit of Switzerland's liberty and that of the Netherlands; and later the Quakers, with William Penn at their head, emancipating consciences according to the philosophical method of Descartes and establishing the colony of Pennsylvania, which stands as the type and nucleus of the great republic of the New World.

The struggle between Pitt and Napoleon finally gave victory to the liberative nation, yet not without great battles and vicissitudes.

Beginning with the peace of Presburg, the ambitions of Napoleon seemed unhindered: he could count on the Germanic states, which, under the name of the Confederation of the Rhine, were under his protection; in Holland, he had as king his brother Louis; in Naples, his brother Joseph; in Lucca and Guastalla, his sisters Elisa and Pauline; Murat was the prince of Berg; Bernadotte, of Pontcorvo; Berthier, of Neuchâtel; and the great minister, Talleyrand, of Benevento. Austria was beaten, and in the contest was yielding her place to Prussia, which, with eyes on the territory of Hanover, preferred at that time to establish an alliance with England, rather than to submit to the dictates of the emperor. In Jena and in Austerlitz, however, the Prussian legions were crushed by the tongs of the warrior, as in like manner those of Russia met the same fate at Friedland, in consequence of which Russia, Prussia, and France signed a peace in the treaty of Tilsit, July, 1807: that is to say, a hundred and seven years ago. Napoleon added the powers of Prussia, and Russia to his policy of alliance, and then he dictated a continental blockade against England. To-day there exists also a reciprocal blockade between the belligerents, thanks to the condition of affairs brought about by the submarine, which has caused great damage, while a naval

¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

squadron shuts off the commercial traffic of the German nation.

With the treaty of Tilsit, English character brought itself in high relief. In spite of the fact that the orders of Napoleon were obeyed, from the Turkish coasts to those of Spain, England replied by the blockade of France and her allies, by compelling that vessels which undertook to trade with the continent should make a previous call at English ports. From this there resulted, just as at present, a great European economic crisis, the consequences of which reacted over the globe.

The emperor intended to terminate England's influence in Portugal, and to this end the treaty of Fontainebleau was signed, in 1807, which divided Portugal between France and England. Spain was to permit the passage of French troops across her territory, but the treaty turned out to be—with no allusion to the celebrated phase—a "*chiffon de papier*," at that time for the French emperor, to-day for the emperor of Germany.

Napoleon imprisoned King Charles IV and his son, Fernando VII, in Bayonne; he secured the abdication of Charles in favor of Fernando, and the abdication of the latter in favor of Joseph Bonaparte, who entered Madrid with French arms. By the confession of Napoleon himself, the Spanish people, in defending its rights, conducted itself then only like a man of honor: the Spanish insurrection was an heroic reply to the genius of usurpation. During the armistice, designated as that of Neumark, the co-allies presented to Napoleon several proposals of peace, founded on liberty, but his will being opposed, the coalition was enlarged until it reached Leipsic, where Napoleon lost the battle, and the end of his great power began. Proposals were addressed to him, but he rejected them. Then the co-allied powers published the celebrated Declaration of Frankfort: they "did not intend," they said, "to wage war against France, but against Napoleonic predominance." So England herself to-day, with her allies, declares that she is not undertaking to make war against Germany, but against the absorptive tendencies of the

reigning house of Prussia and against the threat of Prussian militarism.

These culminating periods of history, in which ambition preponderates, treaties are violated, and a good understanding, the object of international law, totally eclipsed, do not announce, in spite of the death of law among the nations, that it will not arise, as in the case of a fall or in a sickness, or after pruning, with more vigor than ever. The Titanic struggle is waged, and has been waged, primarily for the preservation of the international equilibrium, and neither law nor liberty will ever be dead on the earth. Roosevelt has said:

The United States and all the great powers actually at war, were parties to the international code created by the regulations annexed to the conventions of The Hague in 1899 and 1907. As president of the republic, acting in my character of the leader of the government, and in accordance with the unanimous desire of our people, I gave instructions that the signature of the United States be set to these conventions. Well then: I would not consent, and in the most categorical manner I declare it, that this farce should be consummated, if it could enter my head that the government of my country would fail to regard its pledge to do everything in its power to render effective rules in the determination of which it had part, when the emergency should arise for their application. I can not conceive that a nation which esteems itself will ever consider it to be worth while to sign other conventions of The Hague, if not even neutrals attach to them the importance of protesting against their manifest violation.

I say, with Ruy Barbosa: To put in doubt to-day the authority of morality in the laws of nations, is to blot out at one stroke twenty centuries of Christian progress. The conferences of Geneva and of The Hague clothed it in positive forms, which international cataclysms might succeed in disturbing temporarily, but from them it will issue renewed and victorious.

At The Hague, forty-four nations deliberated upon international law, subjecting it to a vast codification of stipulations which they engaged to observe. If these precepts were at length swept away by violent transgressions, it is not because they are vain abstractions. In the internal

life of every state national laws are frequently broken; and if the habitual condition of its existence is not what is constantly made light of by force, this advantage is due to the tutelar mechanism of justice.

The boasted hegemony of yesterday, in a man like Napoleon, exceptionally endowed, and that of a deliberately prepared caste of to-day, which makes a pretext of the death of a Hapsburg prince, as if princes represented humanity, to let loose upon Europe the storm of war, unjustifiable to the eyes of pure reason, even if, philosophically, human suffering represents the crucible of a higher evolution, and even if recognition must be made of the painful fact that neither the laws nor the liberties of nations have had a vigorous existence without the inclusion of the sword. Thus, sword in hand, the laic barons and the ecclesiastics of England obtained the Magna Charta; sword in hand the people of Paris tore down the

Bastille of the middle ages; and sword in hand, Washington, in the north, and Bolívar, in the south, traced the destiny of our continent. This very day, at the height of the struggle, the empire of Ivan the Terrible arises like a manumitted slave, and the democratic spirit emerges from the great hecatomb. War seems to be the necessary instrument of fate, when we take into account what it has signified in the evolution of general history. Man, inhabiting an abnormal, imperfect world, marches inexorably bound to the car of his destiny; but, in the midst of infractions, in the midst of chaos, over the blood of anguish, over passions, and over the mistakes and obsessions of egotism, ever shines, with strong projections, a beacon light, mysterious, unfathomed, subtile, which illuminates the conscience, animates the reason, strengthens hope, accompanies morality, and, like a necessary friend, guides the exalted principles of harmony, peace and international law in the world.



JULIO ARBOLEDA¹

BY

MARCO FIDEL SUAREZ

A sketch of a great Colombian poet, statesman, soldier and patriot, presented in connection with the brief war between Colombia and Ecuador, in which he played a prominent part as military leader and diplomat, written by a man of letters of Colombia, recently elected to the presidency of that republic.—THE EDITOR.

THE name of Julio Arboleda shines so clear in our history that it sheds enduring splendor upon every epoch of Colombia. Although it did not fall to his lot to labor for the emancipation of the republic, his efforts in behalf of liberty and civilization in Nueva Granada were exerted with talents and virtues equal to those of the fathers of the patria. His work, accomplished in the brief years of a youth shortened by the hand of envy, abides as a model and example that later generations have not rivaled nor will for long be able to rival.

Nature and education united to make him great. The talents of his vigorous intelligence, the intrepidity of his great heart, the perspicacity and discrimination of his judgment, his broad and deep culture, the nobility of his lineage, his social position, the inspiration of his poetic gifts, the generosity of his sentiments, his adoration of the patria, all joined and cooperated to make of don Julio a privileged and extraordinary being. Heaven endowed him and set him apart, seeming to assign to him, as the object of

his activity, the struggle and endeavor for culture and justice in the midst of a people that was hardly beginning its career, and for the cause of which he would have to sacrifice himself, winning, not so much the immediate gratitude of his fellow-citizens, as the admiration of foreigners.

The work of the illustrious patrician lives in the literature and in the history of the patria that preserves his immortal songs, as, in like manner, the narrative of his campaigns, his polemics and his prowess; but he lives also in the realm of the ideas, convictions and political and social principles for which he sacrificed himself, and which, instead of becoming extinguished or even dimmed, gained strength when the hero fell in the forest of Berruecos. This patriotic work was developed with a special and bewildering activity during the last year of Arboleda's life, as if his existence seemed bent upon consuming all his powers before succumbing, as the sun shines with more vividness as it sinks in the west.

Let us contemplate rapidly this final work, traced by his own pen, and let us see, above all, how he describes the victory he won on July 31, 1862, at the Gradas de Tulcán, in which he caused the honor of Nueva Granada to issue victorious in the struggle with the republic of Ecuador. Let us admire the quickness, serenity, perspicacity and courage with which he triumphed over the señor García Moreno:

I am convinced, by long experience, of the futility with which ammunition is wasted on an enemy ensconced behind trenches and parapets, as I am that the only way of saving, on such an occasion and in many other cases, the life of the defenders of the republic is by rapidity of movement. Before attacking I therefore called the officers and explained to

¹Born in Timbique (or in Popayán, as he himself says), province of Barbacoas, Colombia, July 9, 1817; he took an active part in the civil wars of his country (1851-1866), being the leader of the conservative party; he was elected to the presidency in 1860; on November 12, 1862, he was treacherously assassinated in the mountains of Berruecos; his most highly esteemed poem is the unfinished epic fragment, *Gonzalo de Oyón*, of which Menéndez y Pelayo says: "But the great reputation of Arboleda does not rest so much on his lyric verses as on the fragments of his poem *Gonzalo de Oyón*, which, all incomplete, as it is, is the most notable essay of American poetry into the field of epic narration." The manuscript of the poem, as Arboleda had finished it, was lost in 1860, and what we know to-day is but a part of the original rough drafts, collected and put in order as well as possible. Menéndez y Pelayo admitted eleven of Arboleda's poems to a place in his *Antología de poetas hispanoamericanos*.—THE EDITOR.

them the necessity in which we stood of causing, when once the gun-fire were smothered, their troops to move upon the hostile redoubt with the greatest celerity, and without uselessly consuming their cartridges.

The army being formed in line, I reminded it of its services and its glories; and, noting that all were filled with faith and overflowing with hope, I gave the order to advance. The corps set out with an enthusiasm that bordered on madness.

The artillerymen of the enemy, when they beheld the masses of our troops, that were moving within the range of their cannon, opened fire upon them with an activity worthy of praise. However, as if God might be directing them and not men, the grenades chanced almost always to fall and explode in the open spaces that separated our corps. So it turned out that not above three were the injuries caused us by the cannon in this memorable expedition.

In the meantime, those of us who preserved our calmness, felt our hearts swell with just pride in contemplating one of the sublime spectacles for a Granadan soldier that can be exhibited in battle: the national colors, carried in the arms of the standard-bearer of the third of the line, in advance of his corps, at double-quick, in the midst of a thick rain of balls and grapeshot, and, disdaining many other more secure but less direct routes, moving along the national road against the enemy, without pausing anywhere for a second.

The color-bearer of the Cundinamarca battalion marched also from another quarter toward the redoubt with a courage more worthy than easy to imitate. The more agile officers and soldiers, full of enthusiasm, followed, sometimes, and at other times they ranged their lances, swords and bayonets around our banners, as if fearing they might be in danger. The less robust panted along as close as possible, but all charged after that sacred and venerated emblem of our nationality, our liberty and our glories.

There was a moment in which all, as if impelled by a single will, hurled themselves upon the rampart of the enemy. At that instant the president, señor García Moreno, who was mounted upon a white charger, accompanied by hardly more than six horsemen, threw himself upon us with a valor worthy of a better cause. He found himself surrounded by our infantry; one of his companions was killed; he, some of his followers and his own horse were wounded. He fell back, nevertheless, with dignity to his former position, hoping with reason that his noble example might inspire in

his troops a heroic and saving resolution. Indeed, those who had seemed to hesitate took courage and resisted with honor; but my guard had already leaped over the parapets; one of the artillerists had been thrust through by the point of our flag-staff; and both of our flags now floated over the hostile cannon, set up in front of them among the wounded, the dying and the dead who had defended them. One of the chiefs of our battalions that had attacked from the front hurled himself forward in such a manner that, the enemy seeing him alone, undertook to make him prisoner, but he shook himself free from those who seized him, passing his sword through two of them, and crying: "Long live the confederation!"

The field of battle now being ours, the vanquished retired upon the town of Tulcán, where they had already embrasured a few houses and where some trenches had been dug. Here, for more than half an hour, their best leaders, officers and troops defended themselves with heroic obstinacy, but at length they surrendered.

We now see how the great warrior immediately converted this victory into a stroke of admirable international policy, since the vanquished derived no humiliation from it, nor was there established an indefinite state of reprisals and dangers; for he changed the battle-ground into a field of fraternity and reconciliation. We do not exaggerate when we affirm that don Julio Arboleda presented himself on this occasion as an extraordinary hero whose example ought to be heralded as an immortal type in universal history, and as a man whose virtues were as pure as his talents were splendid. Behold, the form taken by this reconciliation, conducted by a noble gentleman and a sublime Christian:

The governments of the republics of Ecuador and of the Granadan confederation, animated by the desire to consolidate peace between the two nations they represent, and to favor and foster the industry and commerce of the citizens of both countries, have judged it necessary to celebrate a treaty, in addition to the treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation, ordered carried into effect and executed by the president of Nueva Granada in Bogotá the tenth day of July one thousand eight hundred fifty-seven.

With this object in view, the vice-president of the republic of Ecuador, charged with the executive power, has conferred full powers

upon Rafael Carvajal, his secretary of state in the ministry of foreign relations; and the president of the Granadan confederation, upon Julio Arboleda, commander-in-chief of the armies of the said confederation, and his envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary near the government of Ecuador; who, having exchanged with each other their full powers, and these being found to be in proper form, have agreed upon the following stipulations:

Article I. The governments of the republic of Ecuador and of the Granadan confederation experience profound regret at learning that circumstances independent of their will, and of the will of the peoples they represent, have brought them to a break; they recognize that the interests of the two nations demand, in an imperative manner, that there shall be between them perfect and perpetual peace and harmony; they forget and treat as not having taken place the unfortunate events that occurred when they were converted into enemies, for nothing is more necessary to each of the two nations than the peace, quiet and happiness of the other; and they declare that, the present treaty being signed, neither of the governments shall make of the other any kind of demand whatsoever, for any act, be it what it may, prior to this date, that may have been the ground or consequence of the misunderstandings that have existed latterly between the government of Ecuador and the Granadan authorities.

So much valor, so much prudence and so much generosity as were shown in the acts we are attempting to analyze stirred the admiration of the enlightened public; so that the opinion of Europe applauded the conduct of General Arboleda by means of the most authoritative organ that such an opinion could avail itself of in America under the circumstances. Indeed, the diplomatic body accredited to Quito, when these occurrences took place, addressed to him the following note of compliments and congratulations:

MOST EXCELLENT SEÑOR:

The events which unfortunately have occurred in these latter weeks have given ground to fear that the tranquility and the bright future of this republic, under a judicious and patriotic government, would become greatly compromised; and thence would arise difficulties and complications whose consequences it would be impossible to foresee. We have experienced therefore the liveliest satisfaction at beholding that the conduct of your Excellency

was designed to prevent the further effusion of blood and to arrive at a peaceful settlement between your Excellency and this government. The object therefore of this communication is to assure your Excellency that the moderation and the friendly disposition your Excellency displays toward the government to which we are accredited will be duly appreciated by our respective governments.

We take advantage of this occasion to express to your Excellency our sentiments of high consideration and esteem.
Quito, August 4, 1862.

F. HASSANREK,
Resident minister of the U. S. of A.

AM. FABRE,
Chargé d'affaires of France.

GEORGE FAGAN,
Chargé d'affaires of her Britannic Majesty.

Let us observe now a stroke of true genius in the proclamation addressed by our compatriot, not to his army nor to his fellow-countrymen, but to the republic of Ecuador itself. It might be said that the hero, aware of his own power and moral worth, being inspired by the purest international sentiments and interests, and acting as the father¹ of the equatorial republics of the New World would have done, he proposed to himself to exalt his name and his memory to the Olympus where dwell the benefactors of mankind, and to confer upon his patria singular honor. The proclamation says, among other things:

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE REPUBLIC OF ECUADOR:

Brothers of Ecuador! Your republic and ours formed, at no remote day, a single and great nation. The blood of Granadans and Ecuadorians who fought under the same leader and were covered by the same flag flowed mingled in a hundred battles. The fields of Pichincha,² Junín,³ Ayacucho,⁴ Tarqui⁵ and many others, no less celebrated and glorious, treasure together the ashes of the heroes of

¹Bolívar.—THE EDITOR.

²See INTER-AMERICA: English, Volume I, Number 3, February, 1918, p. 150, foot-note.—THE EDITOR.

³*Departamento* of central Perú (formerly Huanuco), thus named in honor of the victory obtained by Bolívar, August 6, 1824, over the Spanish troops on the plains of Junín, in commemoration of which a pyramidal monument was erected on the spot.—THE EDITOR.

⁴*Ibid*: p. 151, foot-note.—THE EDITOR.

⁵See INTER-AMERICA: English, Volume I, Number 3, February, 1918, p. 153, foot-note.—THE EDITOR.

both peoples who, shoulder to shoulder, and lending loyal and generous support, contended and died for their common independence, liberty and honor. The most illustrious of your men were seated for many years by the side of ours in the councils of the Great Nation.¹ If the two republics are separated to-day, the ties of the past are not therefore severed. Our heroic history is that of one sole magnanimous and generous people, and although we form two nations to-day, we can do no less than recall that we were one people yesterday.

I think I possess the right therefore to congratulate myself upon having prevented by my prudence many and great evils, many and great sacrifices.

As it is deeds and not words that succeed in bringing conviction, I cite you positive facts, and not gallant phrases, to persuade you of the good faith with which I proceed and of the interest I have taken and always will take, from sentiment and honorable design, in your welfare and fortune.

If Julio Arboleda moves us by his verses, in which the muse of Tyrtaeus sometimes makes use of the strophe of Ercilla² and Quintana³; if the despatches, in which he describes his campaigns and military actions, by reason of their clarity and precision, remind on occasion of the *Commentaries*; if his harangues, burning with patriotism and modeled on literature, may be compared with those pronounced by the first of the Colombians; if his

intrepidity, his constancy, his hatred of tyranny and his love for the patria do not follow in the rear of those who flourished in the first age of our nation; if all this is presented like a luminous meteor that crosses a sky still obscured by mists that true culture have not dissipated, and if all this forms a great glory, it becomes more refined and purified as it terminates in martyrdom.

This martyrdom drew from civilization a voice of condolence, sympathy and protest, directed from Quito by the representative of France (that is to say, by the representative of the universal opinion of the world) to the brother of our hero, to the also illustrious Sergio Arboleda, the possessor of our enduring gratitude. The note of the *chargé d'affaires* of France in Ecuador runs thus:

Consulate General and Legation of France in Ecuador,

Quito, November 22, 1862.

SEÑOR AND ESTEEMED COLLEAGUE:

I feel the necessity of confessing to you all my participation in your sorrow. I did not have the honor personally to know your brother; but I was able to study in him the public man during the last months of his life, and I was able to feel for his talent, no less than for his character, the highest esteem, which I hope I have caused my government to share. The representative of France in these countries and politically neutral in respect of the controversies of its parties, I should believe I failed in my duty, if, for idle considerations of diplomacy, I should vacillate in voicing my sympathy with virtue, in whatsoever field and under whatever banner I might observe it, although it be after this virtue has succumbed. France, before all, represents the morality of civilization, and whatever may be her personal interests, successful crime will never have her for a friend.

The present epoch is the ancient epoch for America, and the great example left by General Julio Arboleda, who, being able to enjoy in Europe an opulent and tranquil existence in the bosom of his family, has preferred to come to mingle in the struggles of his country and to expose himself from patriotism to the steel of vile assassins, being preoccupied, in the midst of base passions, by high and generous intents: this great example, I say, will be for this country a benefit, and will elevate its moral

¹Compare Biographical Data, under "César E. Arayo," INTER-AMERICA: English, Volume I, Number 3.—THE EDITOR.

²Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga, a Spanish soldier and poet, the sixth child of Fortún García de Ercilla y Arteaga, the celebrated juriconsult; he was born in Madrid, August 7, 1553; with but meager opportunity for education, he became in 1548, at the age of fifteen, the page of the *infante* Felipe (afterward Felipe II), accompanying him on his travels to Flanders, Germany, etc., returning to Spain about 1554, and setting out the same year for England with the prince. In October, 1555, he sailed to America, reaching Lima in 1556, and stopping there until 1557, when he went to Chile. In Chile he took an active part in the struggle against the Indians of Arauco, laying the foundation for his great epic, *La Araucana*, the first part of which he published upon his return to Spain in 1563, after an absence of eight years, "the most flowery period of his life," as he said; later he married doña María Bazán, and, with numerous vicissitudes in Portugal and elsewhere, he died, November 29, 1594, leaving to posterity his monumental poem and an imperishable name.

—THE EDITOR.

³Manuel José Quintana, the celebrated Spanish poet (1772-1857).—THE EDITOR.

level, as the examples of the men of Plutarch exalt the soul of our generations.

Accept, señor, with the expression of all my sympathy, the homage of my highest consideration.

AM. FABRE.

It may be said that the patria, not yet recovered from the first stupor which the loss of General Arboleda caused it, has not measured all the greatness of this loss. Why, why, an end so iniquitous and so cruel for an existence so generous and so brilliant? This, Colombia seems to have asked herself throughout the long stretch of fifty-five years of mourning. In the

light of history, however, and attending to the voice of philosophy, this cruel end was not sterile. The gentle and profound expression of the *chargé d'affaires* of France is the one that is right. Arboleda entered into eternity, but his work, like the wave that spreads and reflects itself and crosses above the lake, continues to live. It continued to live for a quarter of a century during which his party and his cause were unjustly treated, but without losing its faith, its convictions and its hopes; and it still lives because the system of liberty and justice does not flag, but has become solid.



A VIEW OF THE PRESENT ECONOMIC SITUATION IN CHILE

BY

GUILLERMO RAMÍREZ SANZ

A Chilean publicist and journalist outlines his objections to a proposed congressional measure for adjusting the national finances of his country, while laying especial emphasis upon the dangerous tendency to grant too liberal concessions to foreigners and to depend too much upon them for the development of the natural resources.—THE EDITOR.

I AM one of those who believe that, in order to be heard in Chile, two conditions are generally required: much gray hair or much silver.

I have not the silver, and fortunately I lack the gray hair, but, on the other hand, I confess to a profound love for my country, and I think I know what others do not know: the depth of misery in which a large portion of our fellow-countrymen live and develop.

Whence originates the energy with which, in the congress and the press, I have fought the repeated efforts that have been made to embark us upon a monetary reform.

Although it may be a pleonasm, I ought to begin by saying that the economic problem of Chile is a purely Chilean problem, as Chilean as our people, a mixture, as it is, indeed, of diverse races and civilizations, but creole in all the meaning of this word.

Our education is creole, our tendencies are creole, and would that our aspirations also were creole! Because the foundation upon which our economics must be based ought to be purely nationalist. Here, and not elsewhere, is the true solution of our economic unsoundness.

Foreign energy and capital, which were, in other times not far removed, the supreme factors of our progress, and which ought to continue to be so, but in harmony with national progress, have to-day become an element that retards the growth of our nationality and hinders its free development.

It is not my intention to deny the fundamental and educative part that

foreign capital and culture have played in the national life. To foreigners, to their energy, already proven, their experience, their commercial honesty and, indeed, their enterprise of every kind, we owe the appraisal and the exploitation of our natural riches.

Our policy ought to continue to be, as it was in the golden age of our country, one of seconding this foreign activity; but simultaneously we must foster the development of national activity.

This we did not and do not do, and now we are paying the price of our Mussulman indifference toward our own activity.

We began by being simply administrators of the nitrate offices; this we follow by being administrators of the mines of foreigners; we continue to be the employees or agents of their commerce; and soon we shall be the administrators of their *estancias*,¹ to become later mere renters of our own homes. I proceed to explain.

Is or is not the nitrate industry in the hands of foreigners?

I shall be told that 40 per cent. of it is in national hands, but I ask: With whose capital were these nitrate lands bought? With what capital were the plants constructed? Every one will agree with me that all or nearly all has been done with foreign capital, and that the product or return obtained by the efforts of our fellow nationals only barely suffices to pay the interest and the amortization of

¹Properly speaking, *estancia* means: stay, continuance or residence in a place, but in many of the American countries it is used as an equivalent of *hacienda*, a country estate, farm, cattle ranch, with the equipment of buildings, etc.—THE EDITOR.

the foreign capital. There have been favorable epochs, as at the present time, but it is an abnormal epoch—and no one knows when it will terminate—and just as an edifice may not be constructed without knowing the strength of its foundations, so also no one has the right to erect the monument of our metallic conversion, which we all desire, without knowing upon what permanent basis it is going to rest.

I know the north of my country, and I know something of the nitrate pampa, and I can assert consequently that almost no appreciable distinctly Chilean interests are to be found there: the only thing that remains and will remain, is the sentiment of our nationality. One can not eat and live on mere sentimentalism; for however strong it may be—and it is so among us, this sentiment that is rooted in the people—a political organization can not maintain itself without at the same time giving life to its economic interests.

The same thing that takes place in the nitrate industry is taking place in the mining industry in general. What is the one thing that the national mining industry has needed to establish its economic independence? Only facilities in means of transportation: equitable, not to say, cheap, freights. Has it obtained them? No; nor will it obtain them either. But why continue!

The economic problems that may well present themselves to our consideration are many. There are those of an industrial character, those of a financial character, and others that are exclusively monetary.

The first of these are as numerous in our country as the industries which we possess, that is: the agricultural, mining, manufacturing and commercial industries, and transportation.

In addition to these industrial problems, as I said, there exist the financial and monetary problems.

Well then; is the condition of these industries prosperous? Is there a crisis in commerce, manufacturing and transportation? It is better not to say anything about this.

Are our finances in a prosperous state?

Have we monetary prosperity?

Let the obstinate favorers of the bill for the *caja de conversión*¹ reply, and let the country make response. As this response may be wrong, however, I am going to make a brief examination of the industrial, financial and economic conditions.

I am led to this by the design, in my judgment plausible, of overthrowing assertions that have done harm, since they lead our citizens to agree that our true economic situation and our banking organization, permit us to effect, without anxiety or danger, a change in a monetary system the failure of which would be our suicide.

What crisis can occur in the farming industry? Among other crises, drought in our fields and the scarcity of funds.

Our agriculture has passed and is passing through this crisis. Yes; it has passed, and it is passing.

What crisis can our nitrate and mining industry in general undergo? A decline in the price of nitrate or of minerals, difficulties in transportation, whether because of its scarcity or because it does not exist. Has it passed through this crisis? Yes; and in a short time it will pass through the most acute, through the gravest of crises, and this single disarrangement of our industrial matrix would bring to earth, not only a conversion at 12d., but possibly at 10d., 8d., or, who knows, if even at 5d.!

A country like ours, without strength of its own, without organization, with finances in constant deficit, without a fixed direction or orientation in its internal and external relations, with banking institutions lacking in solidity and with no prevision in its budgets: what resistance can it oppose to a wave of panic or uncertainty, which may come, which must come, the very day on which the hostilities of war cease and there be presented to the world varied and complex economic, social and financial problems of all kinds? What will happen? Rather, what did happen? For we ought not to forget that this problem presented itself to us in the year 1914, on the eve of another *caja de*

¹An institution for the conversion of paper money into gold or silver, at a certain fixed rate.—THE EDITOR.

conversión, and curiously enough, its supporters who failed at that time are the same supporters to-day; and, he who attacked then, from a seat in the congress, with these same arguments, is the one who is attacking to-day because he is a seer.

What would happen to this poor country, if that disregard of the most elementary notion of political economy had borne fruit? What would happen to our funds for conversion? What would become of our economic future?

Here, however, we have a bad memory, just as our *roto*¹ and our statesmen live from day to day. The problems of the future interest only a very limited number of our fellow-countrymen. The reason is clear. Here, 98 per cent. of the people live by their own labors. They have neither the time nor, in the main, the training necessary to think of to-morrow.

Will it be said that to a nation thus situated may be applied the recognized laws of political science?

A button is sufficient to serve as a sample! In what country of the world is it permitted to banking institutions to invest in real estate a great part of their capital, and, in the case of some of them, more than their capital?

In what country of the world is industry developed at 10, 12, 14 and 18 per cent. interest? What industry can survive and develop thus?

In what country of the world does the proportion of salaried employees exceed 90 per cent.?

In what country of the world, finally, are the sources of production mainly in the hands of foreigners?

What has been done to prevent this state of things? What is being done? Nothing has been done; and we think of achieving nothing less than the miracle of a man in debt and a spendthrift permanently retaining in his pockets coins of sterling gold! He will retain them as long as his

obligations are not discharged, or when he regulates his expenses according to his income, but he will never keep them when the day of settlement arrives or while he spends more than he produces. For this purpose credit was created: that is, among nations, paper money. It will rise and fall, according to the conception formed of it by its creditors.

These common rules of private life may be applied to the life of nations.

Will Chilean gold be conserved? No one knows, because no one knows the real condition of the public treasury. There is a suggestive fact, and it is likely to perturb the most serene minds: the minister of Finance has just declared that, owing to the lack of resources which will be experienced next year, several services will have to be reduced; and he exhibited certain accounts to demonstrate that we are very far removed from financial soundness. There is a fiscal deficit! There is a private deficit! With a fiscal and a private deficit and with an absolute ignorance of the contingencies that the war may bring us, we are going to deliver up the one effective patrimony on which the state depends, and that not even to fulfil a promise in which the good faith of the republic is engaged!

Let us, on our part, have faith that not only will there be ten, but twenty deputies, who will negative the urgency of the monetary bill, and let us ask them to do it in the name of our permanent national interests.

That there will come a crisis? This would be very regrettable; but a new ministerial crisis, temporary or prolonged, is preferable to the danger of leaving the country exposed to permanent, organized disorganization!

In the name of the agricultural interests which they believe endangered, there are many who defend the propriety of the bill, forgetting that it will consult these same interests for days or months, and it will at once assure the sacrifice of the agricultural industry for years and tens of years.

Let us bear in mind that, in prosperity, a *caja de conversión*, at 12d., is an absurdity; in a crisis, it is a crime.

¹Irregular past participle of *romper*, to break, to tear: used thus in Castilian, it means torn, ragged, tattered; but in Chile it is used substantively to describe the laborer in field, mine or port, and sometimes as an equivalent of countryman, peasant, in the sense of the Mexican *pelado* (*pelao*, among the ignorant), shaven, shorn, descriptive of the social dregs.—THE EDITOR.

THE BEGINNING OF STEAM NAVIGATION IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY

CAMILO DESTRUGE

At a time when the attention of the world is centered upon transportation by water, the author has taken the opportunity to publish a history of the planning and construction of the first steamship built in South America, and of the first European steamship company that operated vessels in South American waters.—THE EDITOR.

I

THE FIRST STEAMSHIP BUILT IN SOUTH AMERICA

FROM the time when the illustrious Ecuadorian statesman, don Vicente Rocafuerte, became involved in the political affairs of México and in the efforts of the government of Colombia in behalf of the independence of Cuba, he also busied himself with an undertaking of the highest importance, both for the land of his birth and for the other countries of South America.

During his residence in London he had an opportunity to exchange ideas with certain personages of the British capital, and he conceived and worked out the plan of instituting navigation by steam vessels on the Pacific.

On his return to México, where, as we have said, he played a notable part in politics, he presented a memorial to the government of Colombia, in which he solicited a patent for the accomplishment of his important enterprise. Thus, in a letter from Maracaibo, addressed to Doctor Pedro Gual, minister of the Interior and of Foreign Relations, November 21, 1823, he said to him:

I renew to you my petition regarding the patent for steam vessels on the Pacific. If you see your way clear to securing it for me, you will send it to New York, to our Salazar. As Commodore Daniels has gone to Santa Fe,¹ and as I have already spoken to him at length on this subject, it is to be supposed that he will make use of my ideas and all that I have done for the success of the undertaking. This

matters little. What I most desire is its accomplishment. For a long time I have been accustomed to laboring without reward. Let the country but be happy, let it have the advantage of new enterprises, and let us not be concerned with the rest.

However, neither the señor Rocafuerte nor Commodore Daniels reached at that time a practical and definite conclusion. Only after eighteen years was the project of maritime navigation by steam realized, through the efforts of the same señor Rocafuerte, as we shall set forth in a special historical study.

It is now a question of knowing which was the first steamer for navigation on our river and along our coasts.

The presidential term of the señor Rocafuerte had terminated (in 1839), and he was then in charge of the government of Guayaquil.

Both in the presidency of the republic and in his new position, he occupied himself enthusiastically with everything that might mean a positive benefit to the country, by the organization of enterprises that would give impulse to national progress.

Due to his initiative, a society was then formed in Guayaquil to introduce navigation by means of steam vessels.

On January 6, 1840, after the preliminary steps in the case, the *Compañía del Guayas* was organized, with a nominal capital of fifty thousand pesos.

The first board of directors was com-

¹Santa Fe de Bogotá, Colombia.—THE EDITOR.

posed of don Vicente Rocafuerte, don Manuel Antonio de Luzarraga, don Manuel de Icaza, don Vicente Gainza, don Carlos Lucken, don Juan Rodríguez Coello, Doctor José Joaquín Olmedo, don Manuel Espantoso y don Francisco de Icaza, don Horacis Cox being the secretary.

The documents of the company were signed on the eighth, although the shares had not all been taken.

The company decided that the vessel should be constructed at the dockyard of Guayaquil, and that the machinery should be ordered from the United States of America at the earliest possible date.

Work was therefore begun on the ship, but it seems it progressed very slowly, since a year passed, and in March, 1841, although it had been much advanced, it had not been finished.

The company encountered obstacles, and it became involved in financial difficulties, as it had not succeeded in placing all the stock; so the directors still had to supply certain sums, in their desire to see the work terminated.

Nevertheless, it was not possible for them completely to achieve their purpose, and they decided to propose the sale of the steamer to the government. In an official communication of June 2, 1841, the governor of the province said to the minister of the Interior:

In my communication of May 21 last, marked number 44, I had the honor to bring to the knowledge of the supreme government, through your respectable organ, the pleasing news that, on the seventh day of the present month, there ought to reach this port a steamship, for the purpose of establishing the navigation of this kind of vessel on this route; and, as afterward I was assured that one of the purposes of the señor Wheelwright, a partner of the company, who is to come on board the boat mentioned, is to buy the vessel that is lying in these yards, unfinished for lack of the machinery, which has not arrived, but which ought to be in this city within a few days, as we have positive information that it is now in Callao, it seems to me urgent to explain to the executive power that the above-mentioned sale should take effect, inasmuch as subscriptions have not been received for the completion of the vessel, nor do funds exist to cover what has been supplied by the directors, and the

company of this city will be compelled to sell it in order to secure the necessary funds. This sale, it seems to me, would be highly regrettable, in view of the fact that, after so many struggles and so much work as have been involved in obtaining for our coasts a property so useful and advantageous to ourselves, we should be obliged to surrender it through necessity to a foreigner, and deprive ourselves of its good fruits. In spite of the difficulties, however, the government has found an easy means for conciliating these interests; and it is that, since our government needs a warship, for the respect and defense of this part, especially in the present circumstances;¹ and no vessel could be better suited for arming, in case of war, than the one in question, nor could any other proceed with more activity and with greater success in every particular. Therefore the government, if it sees fit, can authorize the officials here to buy it; and I engage to effect the purchase with the greatest convenience, being able to pay for it without difficulty, since this will amount to from 32,000 to 34,000 pesos, the cost of the completed vessel, and the creditors to this amount, being in the main merchants, arrangements can be made to repay them by remitting a part of the duties they would have to pay at the custom-house on the goods they will introduce; and by this means it will be possible for the government to gain possession of the property that is so necessary and so useful to it; and, at the same time, we should not be deprived of a product of so great importance and one that has caused us much effort.

The government opposed certain objections to the proposal, but it concluded by deciding to buy the vessel, the minister indicating his decision in the following manner to the governor of Guayaquil, in the official document of June 25, which runs:

As at the present time the supreme government has been informed that the machinery which ought to be set up in the vessel may have reached that port, together with the machinist who is to install and operate it; furthermore, in consideration of the imperative necessity for putting ourselves in a state of defense, as required by the present circumstances, his excellency the chief executive has been pleased to authorize you to proceed without loss of

¹An aggression on the part of Perú was feared and even expected, which, it was said, had acquired a frigate of war and was preparing itself against Ecuador.—THE EDITOR.

time to effect the purchase of the said steam vessel. He recommends that you accomplish this on the most advantageous terms for the exchequer by making the best possible arrangements for satisfying the payment, in view of the scarcity of income, no less than of the heavy obligations that have been incurred by the treasury. In like manner, his excellency recommends that you, in accord with the local authorities of the district, make all necessary provision that the construction of the vessel may proceed in the most suitable manner in view of the service to which it is to be devoted, taking care that all the timbers shall be of good quality and shall have the required dimensions for supporting the heavy artillery that is to be mounted on it; seeing to it that the internal disposition may be made in a manner proper to a ship of war; and, finally, that you do whatever you deem opportune for arming it with promptness and in a way designed to secure the end which the nation has in mind. In concluding the present note, it remains to me to recommend to you that if, against all probability, the machinery has not yet arrived, it is indispensable that the purchase be made in a conditional manner; and that, in respect of the machinist or engineer, you will make a contract with him, either by the month or by the year, with the economy that characterizes your patriotism.

The affair was then formalized; the vessel became the property of the state; and the work of completing it was pushed with greater activity.

We must not fail to note here a fact that does honor to its originator; Doctor José Félix Valdivieso, when he received news that the sale had been effected, made a concession in favor of the state of a share of stock in the company, a share which, according to the official communication referring to it, he had taken "from his desire to contribute in some way to the greater prosperity of the port of Guayaquil." Then, about the first of the month of August of the same year, 1841, the work on the vessel was carried to completion.

On the sixth, the solemn ceremony of the launching of the ship on the waters of the river took place. *La Balanza*, in its edition of the same date, gave an account of it in the following terms:

To-day at nine in the forenoon, the steamship of war, *San Vicente Guayas*, took the water,

in the midst of a vast concourse, which celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm this evidence of the progress of the country. This is *the first vessel of its kind that has been constructed in the yards of Spanish America*. On this account the people of the city have manifested their satisfaction in the most decided manner, as they passed almost the entire night around the steamship, with music and torches, which converted the road to the shipyards into a most agreeable and diverting promenade. To-night, a dance will be given at the government house in honor of the launching of the *Guayas*.

The governor gave an account of this event to the government in the communication of the eleventh, saying:

I have the honor to make known to the supreme government that on the sixth day of the present month, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, was put into the water the steam vessel of war, with felicitous success, in the midst of an immense gathering, that celebrated with the liveliest demonstrations of pleasure the completion of an enterprise which manifests the progress which the shipyards of the Guayas are making in industry and naval construction. It was an all the more noteworthy event, inasmuch as *this is the first steamship to be constructed in South America*.

The name *San Vicente* was given to the ship, without any doubt as a compliment to the señor Vicente Rocafuerte, initiator of the idea of its construction; but afterward this name was changed to that of *Guayas*, which it preserved to the last.

In the account of the feasts celebrated in commemoration of October 9, 1841, we find the following paragraphs. It is to be noted that on the eve of the occasion, that is, on the afternoon of the eighth, there entered the port, for the first time, the maritime steamer *Chile*, of the English company, recently established on the Pacific.

The paragraph to which we refer, said:

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the ninth instant, there appeared off this city the two steam vessels, the *San Vicente*, constructed in these shipyards, and the *Chile*, of the Compañía del Pacífico.

The parade of the two steam vessels was at the hour in which all the inhabitants of Guayaquil were gathered in the houses of the Malecón, fill-

ing the entire space which it occupies, from the bridge of Carrión (the present calle Arzobispo) to the battery of the Planchada, ever surging like the waves of an agitated sea, and applauding now the *San Vicente*, now the *Chile*, as each of these vessels in turn presented itself to the view of the spectators. The ships lying at anchor were thronged with the people who wished to see the vessels in procession close at hand. It was one of the most animated and joyous scenes one can imagine. All compared the largeness of the *Chile* with the relative smallness of the *San Vicente*; but the patriotism of Guayaquil caused all to repeat: "the *Chile* is larger, but the *San Vicente* is prettier. Perhaps the *Chile* will go faster, but the *San Vicente* was built in Guayaquil, and it is the first steam vessel constructed in South America. The *Chile* is not Chilean, but the *San Vicente*, or *Guayas*, is of the river Guayas. Long live the *San Vicente*! Long live the *Chile*! Long live the señor Wheelwright, to whom navigation by steam in the southern seas is due!"

All this gladdened the hearts of the spectators, who, seeing in the *Chile*, the product of European civilization, and in the *San Vicente*, the results that would be brought to the New World by commerce and friendly relations with civilized peoples, contemplated what these results would become in time, measuring the value of what we desire to secure by the importance of what has already been obtained.

They had a right to be satisfied and even proud.

The shipyards of the Guayas, celebrated from colonial times, had built in those early days some of the most beautiful frigates that plowed the southern seas; and now there issued from them a steam vessel, the first in all the length of the Pacific; and not only this, but the launching of it had coincided with the arrival of the first of the maritime vessels that had come from the English yards to establish trade on these seas.

In another study elsewhere upon our historic ships, we have previously referred to the part taken by the *Guayas* in political events; so it will not be necessary to repeat the details.

We have desired to present here an account regarding the origin only of the first Ecuadorian steamship; and to this we may not now add anything more.

II

THE FIRST EUROPEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY
OPERATING IN SOUTH AMERICAN WATERS

During the colonial period, and until 1841, commerce and the transportation of passengers between ports on the Pacific, and between these ports and those of the American Atlantic coast and Europe, were carried on by means of sail ships only, with all the delays and difficulties to which vessels of this character then gave rise and still give rise.

In the year 1841, however, things changed for us in a very advantageous way through the establishment of maritime navigation by means of steam vessels, well qualified to develop the trade and to transport the products and merchandise of that period.

In 1822 and in 1823 the eminent Ecuadorian, don Vicente Rocafuerte, had approached the government of the republic of Colombia regarding the establishment of steam navigation on the Pacific; but nothing practical resulted from his efforts. Time passed without anything being done for the realization of so patriotic an idea. Revolutionary politics and civil wars occupied the attention of all, and our backward countries suffered the consequences, being hindered in their career of progress.

Nevertheless, the purpose of Rocafuerte was not an affair of the moment; it was not a fleeting idea; it was the result of a conviction, based upon an imperative interest in promoting the agricultural and industrial progress of the new nations lying along the Pacific coasts.

So, when he returned to his country, and, after many and varied political exigencies, he had reached the presidency of the republic, he undertook the realization of his important project of other days.

The señor Rocafuerte, for a number of years, had been in communication with Mr. William Wheelwright and other English gentlemen, with whom he exchanged ideas regarding the establishment of lines of steamships on the Pacific.

Therefore, now that a favorable occasion was presented, Mr. Wheelwright took steps, not only with the government of

Ecuador, but also with the governments of Chile and Perú, to secure definite privileges.

About the middle of September, 1836, his request was presented to the chief executive, and it was decided to pass it, with favorable recommendation, to the next legislature.

An extraordinary session of the congress was held in 1837, and on April 14 it promulgated a decree whose sole article set forth:

To William Wheelwright is granted the privilege of navigating steam vessels, excepting in the coasting trade, and only for the purpose of transporting goods and passengers, for the period of four years.

The fundamental bases were therefore settled; later came other extensions and privileges, such as would naturally be granted for the realization of so great a benefit.

Mr. Wheelwright, with the energy that characterized him, returned to Europe and set about the undertaking; but even then it could not be carried into effect until 1840.

From 1839, there had been established the line of the *Compañía Transatlántica Inglesa*, organized with a capital of \$7,500,000 gold.

On the first and the fifteenth day of each month there left Liverpool a great number of steamboats,¹ of four hundred horse-power, for the Barbadoes and Granada, taking sixteen days for the trip. From the latter of these points they scattered in different directions: for all the Antilles, Venezuela, Nueva Granada, México and the United States, "carrying mail," according to prospectus, "from a multitude of intermediate points." The return to England was completed in fifty-seven days, for the round trip. From Jamaica to Chagres was established a line of one boat, the voyage being calculated at two and a half days, with an equal stay in Chagres, to return to Jamaica, touching at Cartagena and Santa Marta, in four and a half days. Another steamer made trips between Jamaica and Habana, touch-

ing at several intermediate ports and covering the distance in three days. Finally, another one of the vessels made voyages between New York and Habana, touching at Savannah and Charleston, and covering the distance in six days.

With these preliminary facts in mind, we shall now give our attention entirely to what relates to the Pacific company.

On March 19, 1840, the Honorable P. Scarlett, son of Lord Abinger, who was one of the directors of the newly formed *Compañía de Navegación de Vapores en el Pacífico* (Pacific Steamship Navigation company) wrote to his correspondent at Lima the following:

The subject that has occupied my mind since I came, and in which I think I have not lost time, has been that of beginning steam navigation between Valparaíso, intermediate points and Lima. After several failures, the seed that Wheelwright and I sowed at the start have begun to take root and germinate; and I believe the harvest will not be lost, which, without doubt, will bring credit to the laborers who have interested themselves in this great enterprise. Our charter has received the royal seal; our subscribers are among the most respectable; and two splendid vessels, constructed in London, will be ready to sail next June. We have bought a great hull, or rather, ship, and we are trying to buy another like it in order that the two may precede the steamers on the trip to Valparaíso and Callao, laden with coal from Wales; and they will remain there in the service of the company. There is every reason to hope this enterprise will be advantageous to the states of South America, both in a pecuniary and in a social and commercial sense. We hope to obtain patents of neutrality from France and the United States, so that, in case of a war between England and these countries, we should secure consideration and protection from their squadrons, even if the company is English and under the English flag.

We have appointed two captains: one of them, Mr. Peacock, who was the pilot of the *Andrónica*, has been in charge of many steamers and is very competent in these affairs; and the other, Captain Glover, with whom I am not acquainted, but I know that he is a man of good character and abilities.

¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

Let me say in passing that it was about this time that the construction of iron vessels was taken up. On the Thames, there were as many as ten steamers, of which some five navigated the English channel; and, in 1841, the admiralty ordered a steamer constructed for carrying the mail between Dover and Calais. The British-American Navigation company also ordered built at Liverpool an iron steamship of 1300 tons, to ply between that port and New York. The Western company also constructed, in the same year, a vessel of 2500 tons with an iron hull, intended for the trade between Bristol and New York.

With respect to the Pacific company, it proceeded with energy, to such an extent that on April 18, 1840, were launched respectively the steamers *Perú* and *Chile*, constructed in the yards of Curliny and Young, Limehouse.

There was a great celebration on the occasion, with a numerous and distinguished gathering. The *Morning Post*, of London, gave an account of the launching of the *Perú*. It said:

The Honorable Miss Scarlett was the sponsor, and she performed the ceremony with so much grace and dexterity that we do not recall having witnessed a more interesting scene than the one we beheld when this splendid ship escaped from the hands of the beautiful young lady, at the moment when thousands of voices saluted the vessel with her.

The companion ship, *Chile*, had its deck covered with young ladies, who saluted with the liveliest enthusiasm, and who, with their bonnets as white as snow, formed another spectacle equally enchanting. The weather was propitious. Not a cloud was seen in the heavens; an agreeable breeze blew constantly; and a band of music delighted the ear with the variety and harmony of its tones. After the *Perú* had rested for a while upon the waters, the members of the company retired to a handsome hall, where the directors had a delicate and bountiful luncheon spread. A platform had been erected near at hand, in order that the children of the Limehouse school might watch the launching, and they also were applauded, just as they, in turn, contributed to the general gaiety by giving proof of their progress in their studies, under the direction of their distinguished master, George Frederick Young.

The *Morning Post* adds:

We venture to predict that this important company will reap the benefits deserved by this great enterprise, which splendidly unites all the ends of the earth by a new route, and we foresee that, as soon as the steamer of the Royal company shall be in full operation, the isthmus of Darien will be the great highway for Australia, New Holland and China.

The celebration of the launching of the *Chile* was as well attended, enthusiastic and sumptuous as that of the other vessel.

Mr. Wheelwright, the first superintendent of the company, left England for the isthmus by way of New York, April 21, on his way to establish the principal agency in Lima. The *Perú* was put under the command of Captain Peacock, who had been a sailing master of the English royal marine. He came to Ecuador in the capacity of superintendent of the company. The *Chile* was consigned to Captain Glover.

Both of the steamers set out from England, bound for the Pacific, June 1, 1840.

The first agent of the Pacific Steamship Navigation company in Guayaquil was don Manuel Antonio de Luzarraga. On May 11, 1841, he announced officially to the government of the province that, on June 7 following, the arrival of the steamer *Perú* at this port, might be expected, at between three and five o'clock in the afternoon, proceeding from Callao; adding that it would leave Guayaquil two days afterward, carrying freight and passengers for the ports of Perú, Bolivia and Chile.

The señor Luzarraga also published an announcement in the press in which he said:

It is very gratifying that the project so much desired and so advantageous for all, and especially for commerce, has at last been realized. All of us ought to interest ourselves in its prosperity and secure establishment. The peoples of America, who live almost as strangers, because of the difficulty of communication, brought now into contact by this means, will strengthen their relations more and more, thus forming other and new ties, stimulated by the facility, security and promptness of their business communications.

If the government, as is to be hoped, should foster this most important enterprise as much

as possible, it would confer inestimable benefits upon this country by awakening the spirit of commerce and stimulating work and activity, without which our rich productions will be, as up to the present they have been, machines without movement, rusted and worn out by time and inertia.

On the day indicated, indeed, the first steamer of the English company entered our port, and the pleasure with which it must have been received by the people may be imagined.

As to concessions, the Ecuadorian gave them liberally, and they were augmented with the passing of time, as they ought to have been, since this would tend to develop navigation, with consequent benefit to the country.

The *Chile* came to Guayaquil for the first time on October 8, 1841, at six in the afternoon, on the occasion when the city

was enlivened by patriotic celebrations. On the next day the English steamer, together with the national steamer *Guayas*, both covered with streamers and flags, sailed about the estuary performing evolutions for the entertainment of the multitude gathered on the Malecón to witness what was for it a novel spectacle.

The *Perú* and the *Chile* were then the first vessels of the Pacific company; and next came successively the *Ecuador*, the *Nueva Granada*, the *Bolivia* and the *Anne*, which was the first "coaster," that is, the first steamer engaged in coastwise trade along the Ecuadorian shores.

Such was the origin of navigation by steam on the Pacific, and of the English company, which still renders important service, with its magnificent vessels, far superior, indeed, to those that began navigation in this part of the world.



A CELEBRATED SONNET

BY

ANTONIO GÓMEZ RESTREPO

The writer is convinced that the Mexican man of letters, Alberto María Carreño, has established that the celebrated sonnet, beginning, "*no me mueve, mi Dios, para quererle*," was not written by Santa Teresa de Jesús, but by the Mexican Friar Miguel de Guevara, and he agrees that, since the religious thought and fervor which informed the sonnet are due to the celebrated Jesuit, Juan Eusebio Nieremberg, "the literary importance of the sonnet, the author of which is being sought," is diminished.—THE EDITOR.

IN EVERY anthology of Spanish classic verse appears a celebrated sonnet, belonging to the mystical order, which for a long time was attributed to Santa Teresa de Jesús, since it was believed that only a soul so enamored of God and so removed from all self-interest, such as the virgin of Avila, would have been capable of giving utterance to that cry of heroic love:

If heaven there were none, I should love thee still.

Since, however, the sonnet does not figure among the authentic works of the saint, nor corresponds, in its literary style, with her other poems, written in the popular meter and vein, this ascription could not be final. Doubt arose regarding the origin of these verses; and the problem of who might be their author has furnished ground for interesting literary polemics. In the meantime, the sonnet has remained as the work of an anonymous author, after the manner of the immortal *Epístola moral*, and several other productions of Spanish classic literature, both in verse and prose.

The erudite Mexican man of letters, don Alberto María Carreño, has recently published a volume of 264 pages, devoting all of it to building up the history of this sonnet, and analyzing the titles of its supposed authors. It would seem impossible that so small a composition should be able to supply material for so extensive a book; and it might even be thought that a work of this kind would be difficult to read. It is proper to consider, however, that it is a question of a famous piece, that it is, as it were, a synthesis of Spanish

mystical feeling, known outside of Spain, as is proven by the translation of Dryden, and the fact, noted by Menéndez y Pelayo, that this sonnet, "misunderstood by the French Quietists, served them as a text for their theory of pure and disinterested love." Moreover, we ought not to overlook the character of the personages to whom this inspiration has been attributed: San Ignacio de Loyola, San Francisco Javier, Santa Teresa de Jesús! A reference to such exalted saints interests all Christendom; and if any one had succeeded in proving that the sonnet was the work of any of these sainted Spaniards, he would have made of this literary jewel something sacred and venerated.

Theseñor Carreño has demonstrated once more, with irrefutable proofs, some of which were already known, others discovered by him, that the sonnet in question did not emanate and could not have emanated from the pen of the authors cited. This part of negative criticism accredits the señor Carreño as a man of immense and well improved reading, of reliable method and prudent and sagacious investigation. He has read and studied not only the major pieces of this literary contest, but, in addition, all the books and papers that might bear upon it; and this preparation permits him to answer all objections; to estimate the value of the claims exhibited by other writers; to destroy groundless assertions; to rectify facts and dates; in a word, to take to pieces all the mechanism of deceptive attributions, and leave the ground disencumbered and clear for a new investigation. This erudite work is all the more worthy of appreciation in view of the fact

that it has been based upon recondite publications and works difficult of access, in America, where libraries, however rich they may be, as those of México are, never offer the inexhaustible funds of information possessed by those of Paris, London and Madrid.

The señor Carreño, however, would perhaps not have accomplished all this labor of patient investigation and historical criticism, if he had not had in view, as the crown of his work, a new solution of the problem. Indeed, the señor Carreño brings forth another competitor, not a famous aspirant, like the candidates already mentioned, nor adorned with the aureola of sanctity, but humble and unknown to the world of letters.

When the señor Carreño tells us that this most celebrated sonnet was the work of Friar Miguel de Guevara, we experience a disillusionment similar to that caused by the attribution of the *Epístola moral* to Fernández de Andrada, for one expects that, along with all of these classical productions, will appear famous names, worthy of lending to them their prestige and of bringing them credit as their offspring; but these unknown personages disconcert us.

Who was Friar Miguel de Guevara? Regarding his nationality, the señor Carreño does not venture to decide whether he was a Peninsular or an American, although he inclines to consider him a son of México. This Augustine monk wrote the *Arte doctrinal y modo Gl. Para aprender la lengua Matlaltzinga* (Doctrinal Art and General Method for Learning the Matlaltzinga Language), in which it is affirmed that he was "a preaching minister and an evangelical officiator in the three languages that are generally current, Mexican, Tarascan and Matlaltzinga, in this province of Michoacán, prior at present of the convent of Santiago Athatzithaquaro; year 1638." The manuscript fell into the hands of the señor Carreño, and he was preparing to study it in order to write a prologue to it, before sending it to the printer, when suddenly, in the eighth folio, he stumbled on the famous sonnet. This discovery awakened in him a great curiosity; and, carefully examining the manuscript, he

found, in the first place, some *redondillas*,¹ *Del autor a su arte* (From the Author to his Art,) and then, with the same heading, a *décima* and a royal octave; with the singularity that the celebrated sonnet not only appears there, but is repeated farther on, at the end of the fifth part of the work, without there being the least indication, in either of the transcriptions, that this composition was from an outside source. With regard to the other poems, the señor Carreño declares that he searched all the collections and codices that he could come at, to see if he could find any with the name of Guevara or with that of another author, and his investigations yielded a negative result. It is clear that these compositions are not on a level with the sonnet, but the royal octave and one of the other poems are not unworthy of a place in the collections of the good poets of the period. Here is a specimen:

*El tiempo vuela como el pensamiento;
Hu ye la vida sin parar un punto;
Todo está en continuo movimiento:
El nacer del morir está tan junto,
Que de vida segura no hay momento;
Y aun el que vive, en parte es ya difunto,
Pues como vela ardiendo se desbace,
Comenzando a morir desde que nace.²*

Attention is also called to the sonnet that begins: "Behold me, O Lord, for lo, I am fallen!" in which there are two verses that are out of measure, by an error of the pen, as in one of them a word is lacking that is very easy to supply, and in the other, there is a syllable too much, caused by the unintentional repetition of a pronoun. These faults may not be imputed to the author.

We are faced by this problem: How did a

¹A metrical composition consisting of four octosyllabic verses, in which the first verse rimes with the fourth, and the second with the third; also the same kind of composition in which the first verse rimes with the third, and the second with the fourth.—THE EDITOR.

²Literally translated:

Time flies like thought;
Life flees without pausing an instant;
All is in continuous movement:
Birth to death is so near
That of secure life there is not a moment;
And he who lives is partly dead already,
Since, like a burning candle, he wastes away,
Beginning to die when he is born.—THE EDITOR.

manuscript sonnet, the work of an obscure monk resident in México, reach Europe, travel as far as the Extreme Orient and make itself so famous in a short time? How did it reach the hands of the celebrated Bishop Caramond, who sent it flying through the world, authorizing with his reputation as a learned man one of the false attributions to which allusion has already been made? Here we enter the region of supposition, and the señor Carreño presents dates and observations, well worthy of being taken into account, to demonstrate the possibility of a fact which at first sight seems an inexplicable literary phenomenon. Certainly, in the colonial period, cases like these occurred, all the more strange in proportion as communication by sea and land was slow and difficult. Let us recall, since it refers to México, the case of *Mirra dulce*, a little poem by the Mexican poet don Francisco Ruiz de León, whose first and only edition was issued in Santa Fe de Bogotá, in which, although this production, of a witty character, was apparently published here, it is unknown in the country of the author.

In other respects, the señor Carreño, among many new data, has discovered a detail that diminishes the interest of the problem, inasmuch as it reduces, according to our opinion, the literary importance of the sonnet the author of which is being sought.

Menéndez y Pelayo had already noted a certain likeness to the expressions of the *Rómulo* of Malvezzi, as Quevedo translated it; but the señor Carreño has found another text that offers, not indeed analogy but identity with the sonnet. Therefore, if the sonnet was written subsequently, as the señor Carreño recognizes, this author did nothing more than versify the prose of Nieremberg. Since the sonnet, as we believe, became celebrated by reason of the idea that informs it and the fervor which it breathes, if all this belongs to the great Jesuit writer, but little has remained to the poet or versifier, for the artistic form is extremely simple and in no way comparable to that of the great sonnets of Lope, Góngora or Quevedo. In order that the reader may judge for himself, we

copy here the two texts. Nieremberg says:

No era menester, amabilísimo Jesús, para moverme a amaros, el cielo que me habéis prometido, ni el infierno de que me habéis sacado; aunque no hubiera cielo, os amara, y aunque no hubiera infierno os respetara; y aunque no hubiera vuestra sangre derramada, me tuviérades por esclavo y os sirviera de balde. No tenéis que darme nada porque os amo; lo mismo que os amo os amaría, aunque fuédeses ahora tan pobre y necesitado, como cuando no teniades donde reclinar vuestra cabeza y no tuviédeses con qué premiarme.¹

The sonnet, according to the text of the Guevara manuscript, is as follows:

*No me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte
El cielo que me tienes prometido;
Ni me mueve el infierno tan temido
Para dejar por eso de ofenderte.
Tú me mueves, Señor; muéveme el verte
Clavado en una cruz y escarnecido;
Muéveme el ver tu cuerpo tan herido,
Muéveme tus afrentas y tu muerte.
Muéveme, en fin, tu amor en tal manera,
Que aunque no hubiera cielo, yo te amara,
Y aunque no hubiera infierno, te temiera.
No tienes que me dar porque te quiera,
Porque aunque cuanto espero, no esperaré,
Lo mesmo que te quiero, te quisiera.²*

¹*De la afición y amor a Jesús*, chapter XVII. The following is a literal translation:

Not necessary, dearest Jesus, to move me to love thee, is either the heaven thou hast promised me, or the hell from which thou didst snatch me; even were there no heaven, I should love thee, and if there were no hell, I should venerate thee; and if thou hadst not shed thy blood, thou wouldst have me for a slave, and I should serve thee for nothing. Thou didst not have to give me anything to make me love thee; as I love thee now, I should love thee even if thou wert as poor and needy as when thou hadst not where to lay thy head and didst nothing possess with which to reward me.

²Literally translated, it runs:

Neither moves me, my God, to love thee
The heaven which thou hast promised me;
Nor moves me hell so full of terror
To refrain from offending thee on this account.
'Tis thou dost move me; it moves me to see thee
Nailed upon a cross and mocked;
It moves me to see thy body so wounded;
Insults offered and thy death, they move me.
Moves, me indeed, thy love in such a manner,
That although there were no heaven, I should love thee,
And although there were no hell, I should fear thee.
Thou needst not to give me aught to love thee,
For, even if whate'er I hope for, I hoped not for,
Just as I love thee now, I should love thee.—THE
EDITOR.

The señor Carreño holds that Nieremberg's passage "might have" inspired the author of the sonnet. Here, however, we are not dealing with a casual coincidence: one reproduced the thought of the other, unless it should be demonstrated that both found their inspiration in an unknown, previous source. It is curious that Menéndez y Pelayo, who had read everything that could be read on Spanish literature, and who was, besides, a profound admirer of Nieremberg, whom he considered one of the great prose writers of the golden age, should not have fallen on this passage. It was reserved for the vigilant erudition of the señor Carreño to make this curious literary discovery.

As for me, I do not deem it strange that this beautiful thought originated with Nieremberg, since that illustrious Jesuit not only left passages of classic eloquence, but also, scattered through his works, beautiful conceptions. Doctor Milá y Fontanals returned to Nieremberg the paternity of the following thought, which Pascal also expressed, and which seems more proper to the geometrician of genius than to the ascetic writer: "God is a circle whose center is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere." The señor Carreño now shows that from Nieremberg comes the thought of one of the most famous Castilian sonnets. Nieremberg wrote in classic prose a biography of some of the illustrious men of the Society of Jesus, and he was the author of an extremely popular book. *De la diferencia entre lo temporal y lo eterno*, (On the Difference between the Temporal and the Eternal), intended to move sinners to

repentance with its terrific examples.¹

He wrote also the tract, *De la belleza de Dios* (On the Beauty of God), in which he soared on the wings of true eloquence to the heights of theological esthetics.

The señor Carreño, like a prudent man and one who knows the surprises that are wont to be reserved for the erudite by explorations in archives and libraries, does not give his solution as a finality, but he does maintain that "until later investigations shall demonstrate the contrary, in a palpable and indisputable manner, we ought to consider Friar Miguel de Guevara the author of the famous and discussed sonnet." In any event, of all the advocates who have presented themselves in this case, he is the only one who has exhibited a fact in favor of his thesis. How far removed is the severe exposition of the Mexican man of letters from the capricious dissertation of Father Sbarbi, who endeavored to attribute the sonnet to Santa Teresa, because this solution was to his liking, and built his argument upon a fragile foundation of arbitrary suppositions! The only person before the señor Carreño who treated the point with scientific seriousness was the illustrious Hispanist, Foulché Delbos.

The book *Joyas literarias del siglo XVII, encontradas en México* (Literary Jewels of the Seventeenth Century Found in México), accredits the señor Carreño as one of the most learned scholars of Spanish America.

¹This book served also for the conversion of infidels. The great Chilean bibliographer, José T. Medina, quotes, in his *Historia y bibliografía de la imprenta en la América española*, the Guaraní translation of Nieremberg's book, and he reproduces one of the crude cuts that illustrates it.



SOME ASPECTS OF OUR FOREIGNISM

BY

JOSÉ FERNÁNDEZ CORIA

A pleasant, journalistic chat upon the Argentine tendency to give undue preference to whatever is of foreign origin, in which we are made to feel that peoples, however widely separated geographically, are not markedly dissimilar, inasmuch as we must recognize that our own people have at times manifested a like tendency.—THE EDITOR.

I PRACTICE the precept of Brillat Savarin, according to which no table ought to lack cheese, and at the end of my lunch, in the hotel of a certain country town, I request the waiter to serve me it:

"Is it good?" I asked him as soon as he had brought it.

"Yes, señor;" he replied; "it is foreign."

The humble servitor, prototype of the hotel waiter whose nationality is not manifest either in his features or in his accent, wished to convey to me an idea, not of the origin of the cheese, but of its quality; and it seemed to him that by employing the word "foreign" he was asserting with more emphasis the superior excellence of the product.

The cheese was exquisite, of compact mass, the color of old gold, and with a sharp and inviting fragrance; every bite melted in my mouth as if it were a bonbon.

Piqued, however, by the reply, I called the waiter and said to him:

"This cheese is not good; it must be domestic."

"No, señor;" he replied warmly; "it is from Chubut." He went on with his work of serving the patrons the different dishes announced on the list with pompous French names, and I continued to reflect on what I had heard.

I am not aware whether the waiter knew that Chubut belongs to the Argentine territory, but it is certain that "foreign" and "good" expressed to him kindred ideas, perhaps in opposition to the terms "Argentine" and "bad," also, according to his judgment, of an indubitable affinity of concepts.

At any rate, this manner of judging is that of most Argentines, as may be noted in many of the manifestations of our individual and collective life. We consider our own, what comes from the country.

the native, always inferior, according to the common opinion, to the foreign, whatever be its source.

I found precisely the occasion to verify this completely with the scene I have just described. I have finished reading the news sections of one of the most important metropolitan dailies, and I distractedly run through, while terminating my luncheon, the compact columns of advertisements:

"Wanted, a cook, a foreigner preferred."

"To let, an apartment, to a single gentleman, preferably a foreigner."

Then there comes an interminable list of advertisements like the following.

"Wanted, a German governess."

"Wanted, an English governess."

This is becoming serious, very serious. Never, even by exception, occurs the case of a family that seeks the services of an Argentine governess. Not because there are wanting women of our country capable of instructing children, since there are graduated as normal school teachers more than a thousand young women who have studied complicated methods of teaching, and many of whom do not to-day find positions open in the official establishments. What would be said of a family that would deliver the care and education of its children to an Argentine woman? At least it would be qualified as *cursi*¹ or ignorant. We prefer to receive into our homes, in order to confide to her what we love the most, what most interests us in life, a person of beliefs; manners, race and language remote from our own, and, what is worse, sometimes of dubious origin. What consideration prompts us to pro-

¹An untranslatable modern word, used in the familiar style, to designate a person or thing that boasts of elegance or superior knowledge without possessing it, for which the word "shoddy" is the nearest English equivalent. —THE EDITOR.

ceed thus? None, except the influence of fashion. Here parents live entirely unconcerned with the education (observe well that I do not say the instruction) of their children; and, as in the case related by Spencer, if two Argentine gentlemen establish relations of intimacy, they will exchange impressions and views regarding the most effective means of selecting, raising and fattening cattle, in order to acquire, through the experience of the other, knowledge that will supply them with the best means of exploiting their respective products; but they never enter into an exchange of ideas regarding what is much more important: the rearing and spiritual nourishment of their own children. If they were as much concerned for the latter as for the former, they would have recognized that the foreign teacher is a grave evil that is hindering the solution of the most important Argentine social problem: that of the formation of a national character; and they would know, likewise, if they take a governess only that their children may learn French, German or English, that the acquisition of a foreign language, when the learning of the vernacular has not been completed, has many more drawbacks than advantages. Here, indeed, in the governess who is indifferent to all that relates to our national life, is a part of the cause of this unwholesome Europeanism, this lack of Argentinism that is noted especially in certain social spheres. Education is acquired by contact more than by the direct inculcation of rules and principles; and the German, English or French governess infuses into the children whom she has under her care a love for her own heroes, respect for her own patriotic legends and traditions, the practice of her family customs, all, it is clear, to the neglect of the customs, traditions, legends and heroes of Argentina.

It would be less harmful if the German, English or French "Miss" would employ, in her teaching of Argentine children, the scientific methods used in her own country, only applying them to our environment; but often, very often, unfortunately, the governess is ignorant of them; is wholly uninformed in what relates to the com-

plex art of teaching; has not had experience in specialized instruction; and has no more equipment of knowledge than what was acquired in the primary school. She is a teacher as she might be a cashier, a typist, or might find employment in other necessary occupations.

The owner of any particular house, a planter, let us say, needs a foreman to take charge of his fine string of young cattle, and among the several candidates for the position who present themselves he chooses the one who has already had experience in the business, and, if it is possible, who has studied in a professional school. He would do well in not confiding his interests to those who through ignorance or incapacity might injure them. If, however, the lady concerned finds it necessary to commit her children to the care of a governess, she looks out for one by means of such advertisements as those that moved me to write these lines, and she does not ascertain whether the applicants who reply to the advertisement have the vocation, practice and education that would qualify them for the successful discharge of their duties. She selects one at a glance, by impression, without obtaining titles or certificates of competency, seeing to it only that she have a marked foreign accent and that she be not pretty, as in this case she might arouse the interest of the husband or the older sons of the house. The principal question is that the governess shall be German, English or French; it matters nothing that the soul of the child may be saturated with the spiritual influences, that is, with the ideals of the teacher, and become incapable of absorbing the rare particles of Argentinism that float in our cosmopolitan medium.

All these reflections are suggested to me by the advertisements soliciting French, German or English governesses that I read in the hotel Europa of a certain town of the pampas that bears the name of a celebrated Italian statesman, seated at a table in a dining-room from whose walls are suspended the portraits of Alfonso XIII and William II, while I devour with pleasure a very rich foreign cheese from Chubut!

THE CLOISTER

BY

PEDRO PRADO

The author, a young Chilean man of letters, uses the background of the "Cloister," and of a group of young artists, both of which have material existence, although of a less poetic character than that which is attributed to them here, as a means of developing in a romantic form a variety of thoughts and sentiments.—THE EDITOR.

THAT day, near the end of autumn, a motionless heat weighed with all its oppressive stillness, upon the spent trees, the toiling peasants, the exhausted beasts, and all the countryside cut to pieces by the great clefts that gaped like thirsty mouths. Every vestige of moisture had evaporated, and the dust of the roads was so light and subtle that, from one sun to another, the gray clouds, raised by the carts and plodding travelers, and even those lifted by the short, slight tread of the doleful, maddened dogs, hung suspended.

Amid these clouds, unmoved by any breeze, I tramped ankle deep in the soft, burning dust of the highway. The sun tinted each grain of dust with a luminous aureola, and there shone a yellow splendor that blotted out everything, and brought tears to my smarting eyes.

Ah, a heavy penalty for my wanderings!

After journeying through the world, as an unhappy pilgrim, the end of my journey had brought me back to my starting-point—the Cloister of the Ten.

Even if I desired to prevent it, fatality ordained that I should pass in front of my lost inheritance. Nothing was then mine. A tempestuous wind had dissipated all: children, fortune, youth. Under the shadow of the old walls I paused a moment and arranged the pack I carried on my shoulders.

Of all my recollections, the impression that came back with most force was the one produced by the memory of a night in August long ago, when, in the presence of the Ten, I read to my brothers a prophetic fancy.

Through the rifts in the clouds of dust that hung even in advance of my footfalls, I discerned trembling in the fiery air the

somber silhouette of the Cloister, the broad Tower of the Ten Bells and the mass of the Great Nave, which, upon the ash-colored hill, looked like a great ship, with its prow turned toward unknown horizons.

The little grove of the ten cypresses lifted above the arches its streak of gray verdure; and, like a dull and impossible fire, the quivering needles of the cypresses seemed to be the flames of a motionless conflagration viewed against the heavy, changing castles of an immense saffron hued cloud that dreamed in the lofty and remote distance of deep skies, blue and black.

As I grasped the cord of the porter's bell and heard his crisp Argentine voice, I thought it sounded like the joyous merriment of children when the awaited father comes home at the close of day.

The aged porter drew a light bolt, and, opening the tiny window cut in the thick door, he regarded me through the iron roses of the little wicket with a searching and distrustful look. When I realized that he did not recognize me, I told him my name with fear. He closed the little window, and sliding back more and larger bolts, he slowly opened the heavy, creaking door. Then, without showing the least pleasure at my return, he made a motion as if to indicate that I should come up.

Entirely contrary to my wishes, he returned to the barren little garden that stretched back from the house, and he set himself to digging with such slowness and regularity that his monotonous blows sounded like those of an indifferent pendulum that might be opening little by little a ditch in the hard earth.

Slowly—for weariness and uneasiness weighed much heavier than my little

pack—I began to climb the rambling path that I had so often trodden hastily in some of the incomprehensible and passionate experiences of my vanished youth.

Upon the sharp crest of the rock, with his four feet set firmly together upon the same point, a large white goat, with rough, twisted horns, bleated at sight of me. I felt a shiver of sadness run through my body. I remembered that, among the customs of the Cloister, there existed one of turning loose a white goat during the first quarter of the moon that followed the death of any one of the ten brothers.

Back of the rock two other goats were nibbling the stiff, tasteless leaves of the thicket.

Three of my brothers had died! Three other unknown youths would occupy their places!

Upon reaching the cistern, filled in other days with water, whereon were reflected the changing clouds and sky, I heard, there in the dark depths, the frogs sounding their interminable matins. For them it was night now, as always; only the perpendicular rays of the noonday sun of mid-summer illuminated for a second the misty bottom. The very night of my departure, the last horrible earthquake that shattered a part of the tower and hurled afar seven of the bells, changed the course of the subterranean waters. Since then the cistern had remained like an inverted hollow tower, open toward the bowels of the earth. The frogs were its bells. I imagined that, after so many years, they would be white and blind, with powerful, swollen throats, that would permit them to utter their laments without resting day or night, from one summer to another, with only the solace of that one ray of the sun which, for a second, once a year, slipped down like a golden coin to illuminate the deep water.

From the cistern I counted nine white stones along the edge of the path. Each of them had been set up in memory of the noblest works of art of several of the ten brothers. On three of them was carved the same name, but mine, not on even one was it to be found.

As I climbed the steps, passed under the great arcade and crossed the open space

of the tower, I raised my eyes and I saw shining in the sun, like paths formed by the bells with their echoes, the finest silks of invisible spiders.

All was solitary. Beneath the open arches that led to the cells, the noise made by my sandals upon the stone flags sounded strange. I descended to the great cypresses, and I saw that in front of the cell of the painter brother there was a thick-set marigold in flower. The sight of it brought me great joy. I was sure of finding him alive.

Of the ten cypresses planted in large tubs ranged amid the minute tiles that paved the court, one, set in the center of them, was dry. It was the color of ocher, and broken and brittle twigs carpeted a great circle around its trunk. Its bark was beginning to peel, like that of a grape-vine, but, as its branches crossed with those of the other nine trees, it was held upright, in spite of the hurricane winds wont to claw at the summit in the summer.

More and more disturbed, I traversed the deserted chambers. I went down by the spiral stairway that leads to the court whence arise the workshops and the music hall. No one was there. I continued to descend between the two thorny hedges to the ancient, abandoned stone-quarries, which the Ten had transformed into an open-air theater.

There I found them! I had no wish to interrupt by my presence the progress of what was being presented.

From a turn of the stairway I descried, against the red clarity of the twilight, the actors, who were gesticulating with warmth and solemnity. I did not succeed in distinguishing a single word; yet, in trying to recognize those who were gathered there, I thought the uncertain light permitted me to make out only seven. Soon I remembered the three white goats, and my gaze fell on my tatters.

Before they returned I started toward the Tower of the Bells. I climbed up the little winding stairway that ascends through the dark, tiled turret, and I arrived, full of curiosity and melancholy, at the bell which only with my hands I could ring.

From the clapper to the edges of the bell a multitude of spider's-webs formed an impenetrable net. My brothers, when they came up to sound the evening angelus, surprised me gazing at them.

Their stupor equaled the joy that followed; and, wishing to listen to all, I comprehended nothing more than that they were happy at my return and were filled with curiosity to learn of my adventures.

The oldest brother recalled us for an instant from our rejoicing, ordering each of us to stand beside his bell. Then he said:

"As this is a time of festival and emotion, I permit each of you freely to express his feelings by the tones of his bell.

"As if moved by a similar impulse, they will harmonize without effort, and just as each faggot on the hearth gives out its tongue of smoke and all the tongues unite to form a single and harmonious column, so all your impressions will harmonize."

We began to revolve the bells. As they swung out through the arches, at each extreme of the swing, the clappers fell, and the bells cast abroad, mingled with the pigeons that flew forth, a wild, grave, warm, tremulous or crystalline tone.

In the interior of the hollow tower the echoes pursued one another, and the stones, at their impact, trembled, causing pieces of plaster to fall.

A torrent of vibrations resounded through the tower, as through a pipe-organ. We took care not to let ourselves be carried away by the intoxication and fly off like driven leaves in this whirlwind.

The air, like a crazed monster, revolved palpitatingly around us, caressing or wounding, and an uncontrollable tremor shook us from head to foot, as in a chill.

Like cups always full, the bells, as they turned, spilled toward the city and the fields in the shadow, a crystalline, brilliant liquor, that diffused its ferment through the quiet air.

The oldest brother made me acquainted with the new brothers who had taken the places of the three who had died. I looked at their faces with curiosity. One of them,

with black eyes, seemed to be illuminated by an inner light; but his expression was hard and he showed me no deference. The other two young men received me cordially.

At night, after eating with frugality, I went with them, as in other years, to the Great Nave, to offer our prayers.

As we passed through the adjoining hall, peopled with low, heavy columns, glimpsed in the half light of a hidden lamp, I experienced an ineffable emotion. The Great Nave was illuminated. Through the eastern windows the light of the moon entered here and there.

The ten seats were left in the shadow; only the amphitheater, and, above it, the Three Steps, received the changing light of a thick torch.

The agreeable perfume of rosin floated on the air.

STORY OF THE WANDERING BROTHER

"Recount my travels? How could I do it?" I said to them. "I have a mind entirely wanting in logic. Of the last city I visited, I recall only an ancient church, which the faithful did not frequent, because it was falling into ruins; of the greatest forest through which I passed, I saw only a twisted branch that outlined, in a luminous opening, a hieroglyph which fascinated me so much that I spent long hours trying to decipher it; and of all the beloved women, of the hands I have caressed, of the locks with which I have toyed, of the lips on which I have tasted a passing love, I possess not a single recollection. Of all the dear women, I contemplate only certain eyes, large, moist and abstracted, which, at the crossing of a deserted road, gazed through the broken panes of a ruinous house upon the uncertain distance of a dreary evening.

"It was a maiden of whose face I hardly had a glimpse; a maiden who observed not my passing; a young girl of whom I know not, nor shall ever know, either the name or history, and, yet, the timbre of her voice—I divined it to be as clear and transparent as the light, pure air of those highlands.

"A little after my departure from the Cloister, at a distance of ten days' journeys I had already spent my last coin. At an inn I lived for a week on charity; but its owners, wearied with my indolence, told me that there dwelt thereabouts a countryman who had planted brambles around his inheritance and had need of laborers. I inquired from house to house, and in the last one, on the border between the village and the country, a man answered me:

"Yes; I am he who planted brambles about his field. It was necessary to defend myself from the robbers and the curious.

"Nine springs have gone their way and the brambles overflow all my field.

"I call on my neighbors to help me clear my lands which thus yield nothing, but not one of them gives me heed. Even the robbers flee my inheritance, because, alas! the day has come when I possess nothing of which they might rob me.

"Yes; I am he who planted brambles about his field!"

"He seemed to me a man bereft of hope. As I dislike those who have lost their tranquility, I took harsh leave, and I left him not knowing what to think.

"I had not gone far when a damp, hot wind heralded rain, and I sought the nearest shelter.

"It was an abandoned old mill for raising water, over which the creepers were trailing.

"The wind beat against the mossy, broken sweeps that the vines encumbered.

"When the mill thought I entertained myself by looking at the fallen leaves upon the black water of the draw-mill, it burst out with its plaints and woes.

"How wouldst thou,' it said to the wind, 'that I revolve and dance at thy gait, when these mad things hold me so close in their embrace?"

"The wind gave no heed to the old mill nor to its excuses.

"I smiled with disdain, as I noted the broken shaft, which had kept it motionless so long that the creepers covered its mossy, useless sweeps.

"As soon as I descried a slight clearing, I abandoned the uncomfortable place, and walked along more and more cheerful, because, each of three times that I came

to a crossing of the ways I decided to follow the road that I had resolved not to take. In my ingenuity, I desired to make light of fate, and now I think that fate, older and more astute than I, stretched me out a subtle bond to force me in a singular manner to play the part assigned me.

"I reached at last a populous city, one just scourged by a great pestilence. The priests had fled the contagion; but new men, believing themselves called of God, were speaking in the plazas, from makeshift pulpits, to the spent multitudes. From several of them I heard only the baldest nonsense, but from a young lad, almost a child, who was preaching in a deserted square, I listened to these words, which seemed to me nearer the truth, although always obscure:

Thou shalt love thy God,
And thou shalt flee from images of God.

There is in heaven not anything—
Neither the stars, nor the sun, nor the moon—
That can fitly make him known.

Thou shalt love thy God,
Without ever finding a proper prayer;
Without being able to stammer a word
That will be luminous with revelation.

Thou shalt love thy God,
And thy heart will find no echo;
And the fire of ecstasy will not avail in thy love
To penetrate the shadow of God.

Thou shalt love thy God,
And the overflow of thy great passion
Will lead thee to men
And to the tender animals of the Lord.

Thou shalt love thy God;
Thou shalt entreat, through the round of life,
To see him and to hear him;
And thou shalt die.
When thine eyes no more shall see,
When thine ears no more shall hear,
Thou shalt return to him; to God thou shalt
return.

Dead thy joy and perished thy pain;
Vanished thy longings; withered thy love;
Thou shalt enter, unknowing, silent, into the
shadow of God!

"I found in all the city no other person more interesting than this youthful priest. I was his only hearer and his friend.

"One day, when I chanced to be in a

good humor, I told him I was going to preach, and that he, in turn, might listen.

"Preach whatever you will," he said to me smiling; 'in this city there is no fear that any one will silence even the craziest of preachers.'

"For novelty, a great number of idle people gathered to hear me.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said to them; 'I am going to speak to you upon my Treatise on Faults, which the priests forget to mention in their talks and sermons.

"The cat, my dear brethren, is deemed by you to be the cleanest animal that exists. Observe how the very unclean creature does all her washing with her tongue. We are obliged therefore to consider her the dirtiest of animals. This is all that I had to say, my beloved brethren.'

"In the presence of the astonished audience I descended ceremoniously from the balcony, saluted to the right and left with jauntiness and equanimity, and tranquilly withdrew.

"Running, several of my hearers hastened to overtake me. Fearing blows, I made ready with my cane.

"On the contrary, however, they came to beg me to pronounce another discourse upon deceptions.

"My dear friends," I said to them; 'to-day I am not prepared; nevertheless, I wish to speak to you two words on sincerity.

"Every one asks all the rest to be sincere in their judgments and opinions. It is time wasted, my dear friends. Most people are amorphous; the amorphous can not be sincere; sincerity is an attribute of personality.'

"This brief peroration was not so well received as the preceding. Fearful of losing my reputation, I decided to leave the city.

"Outside the walls, some boys clapped their hands ceaselessly as I passed; I modestly lowered my eyes; but my heart swelled with vanity.

"As the applause continued to sound a long time after I passed, I decided to return, thinking it likely that there might be among them some future genius, who would remember me in his works, and that

in this easy manner I should make it possible to achieve immortality. When I reached the spot where the boys were, and expressed my gratitude to them, they burst into laughter.

"With what shame I heard one of them say to me that their clapping was a means of chasing the grasshoppers that chanted in the furrows near by.

"Grasshoppers, you must know, are silenced by continuous clapping. Thinking of the applause, they fly rapidly and settle on the shoulder of the one who applauds them. But watch out! for this is the moment for which the boys wait nervously to clap their hands on them.

"By vague directions, I set out for the New Country, that lies between a great cordillera and an immense sea. When I arrived, the inhabitants were gathered on the ocean front, silent and crestfallen.

"Now you will see," said a voice; 'why we have not succeeded in our desires. The country to-day and that of three years ago is the same; for it seems to have stood still.'

"Brothers," cried another voice; 'we must speak with sincerity, and so that only our innermost convictions may be heard. Why should we continue to conceal them?'

"Yes," said they all; 'we must speak them out.'

"Does not every one wish to rid himself of the trifles of his existence and to strengthen the activity of what is fundamental in him?'

"Yes! yes!" exclaimed thousands of voices that drowned the noise of the waves.

"If the New Country does not accomplish the successive stages, one by one, and in their natural order, it will be seeking its death. We have completed the martial cycle; we ought to begin the one that is to follow.'

"You speak the truth," replied an old man; 'but three years ago we came to the same conclusion, and you see how it is: we have effected nothing.'

"Three years make up a small number of days; and how would you that we have success, if there lives among us a woman who leads on the young fools, making

them live in the thought of her, thus causing them to desert the ranks of the workers?’

“If we wish to obtain anything, it is necessary first to exile the woman from the New Country!”

“Exile! exile!” they shouted in rage. ‘Away with the woman who deceives the youth!’

“Where does she live?” inquired some.

“No one could reply; for none knew the dreadful woman.

“They searched through the cities, and in the cities they found nothing, although everywhere there were signs of her work. They ran about the fields, and they found nothing in the fields, although her tracks were visible. In a mountain, which kissed the sea and buried its summit in the clouds, they found at last the light-headed youths who lived in contemplation of the dreadful woman.

“Those who went in search of her thought they would find with her all the youth of the New Country; but great was their surprise to learn that her admirers were few.

“As they were resolved, however, to carry out the general agreement, after drawing to themselves the weak, manacled many and putting an end to the contumacious, they laid hands on the fatal woman, and, without looking at her, in order to avoid her witchery, they took her to the neighboring port. A great ship waited in the bay.

“Although everybody hated her, all unconsciously hastened to the beach, for her enchantments floated on the air. The boys, full of curiosity, discovered that the water of the sea was becoming fresh; the laborers said that the earth became soft and easy to cultivate; lovers took note that the wind was perfumed; and the oyster-men said the waves sounded among the rocks with an unknown music.

“Pay no attention to her deceptions!” exclaimed the one who had proposed exile. ‘Close your ears to her black art!’ But no one ceased to follow with his eyes the vessel that bore away the dreadful woman, and all saw that she was more beautiful than the vision of a dream, and that her white tunic was mirrored in the waves like the light of a beacon.

“The three masts opened to the wind of the sea their quivering white sails, and gently, like the flight of a bird at its beginning, the great bark slowly retired, bound for the Unhappy Isles.

“How will that woman return?” they all asked each other.

“Our grandsons will go in search of the Unhappy Isles, when the New Country shall have concluded its second cycle, and we then have need of her,” said he who had proposed her exile.

“Little by little the people returned to their houses, and many of those who were present went back to the cities of the interior.

“In proportion, however, as the great vessel drew away from the shore of the New Country, there began to be noted strange alterations, which filled the minds of the people with concern. The air became dense and heavy; the earth took on a gloomy appearance; and men, full as they were of a desire for activity, beheld the land lose its wonted favor in their sight.

“It was ordered that the doors of theaters should be closed, and the librarians made known that many books began to drop to pieces, and that they could not read others, as the characters were disappearing. The stone cornices of the buildings fell away, changed into loose sand, and the moldings of doors and windows, attacked by an invisible borer, yielded to the slightest touch. The statues that adorned the abandoned parks and solitary art galleries disappeared without leaving a trace.

“All things lost their proportions, and the most diverse furniture and utensils, reduced to their primitive forms, offered, in comparison with their ancient shapes, the desolate impression of gruesome skeletons.

“Clothing lost its color, and the grotesque garments took on a endless monotony.

“Love lost all enchantment, and men, like the animals, had only their torpid, dreary period of desire.

“When the spring of that year arrived, bees and other insects died by the thousand, for the flowers had no attraction for

them. Only an uncertain wind, which bore a little of the pollen for which they waited in vain, gave to some flowerets the energy of life. When summer came, it was seen that fruits were so scarce that only a few of the birds got any, and hunger hovered over the New Country.

"I fled in the greatest haste from the ill-fated region. Far away from it I chanced on yellow violets, joyful and petulant. Heavy rains caused me to seek shelter in a laborer's hut, which looked out upon an extensive plain, at the extreme end of which showed the needles of a little city's towers. I remained there until the summer.

"When the rains ceased, the plain was covered with great ponds.

"The first countryman, in his journey to the city, crossed them by zigzagging, to avoid the bad spots. In his tracks followed many others, and before the spring was half gone, a winding path was traced across the impoverished earth. With what surprise saw I that those who then crossed the plain adhered to the purposeless turns of the path traced across the wide freedom of the clearing!

"One afternoon another vagabond like myself came to the cottage; but so silently that we thought him dumb. Finally this poor man opened his lips and related to me a ridiculous story. He was returning from fighting in a naval battle, waged in a distant war, beside a companion who was killed and whom the pride of his village had converted into a hero.

"He confessed that he did as much as his companion, with the exception of being at the precise moment in the place where passed the ball which alone makes heroes. He told me that he had been given a good reception; but the difference between it and what they did in memory of his companion was so great that the miserable fellow pronounced a discourse which he terminated by saying: 'Compatriots, be more just and equable in your recognitions! I did as much as your hero, and I am not to blame for not being able to get myself killed.'

"This sally produced such anger that they drove him from his country. With him, my dear brothers, I crossed the sea

in a light bark that was leaking through-out.

"The disappointed hero bored me with his perpetual complaints. I abandoned him on reaching the port. Thence I came alone in search of the Cloister of the Ten.

"This is, in brief phases, the story of my vagabond life during my lost years.

"Many laughed at my adventures; others remained, either sad or pensative, I know not."

THE PRAYER OF THE MUSICIAN BROTHER

Then the oldest of the musical brothers ascended the Three Steps. He was a pallid man. His black eyes seemed to be looking at something within themselves, or beyond us. A breeze, which blew only for him, played from time to time on his white forehead, placid and open as a tranquil lake.

His voice began to sound within the same enveloping silence, and it came so directly from it, that, as we distinguished his words, there seemed to be in them still all the enchantment of the mute air.

This is what we heard:

"Brothers: I come still swept by the melodious waves of the bells; my flesh, like iron glowing in the forge, has been wrought and changed by them into fine lace.

"The waves being absorbed into my blood, my heart is converted into a joyous clapper, that beats upon the bell of my body.

"As it passes through my ears, it sounds with the murmur the deep sea buries in the heart of all shells.

"A bird that flies away can pause, at last, upon a distant perch; these waves, and the harmonies they awaken in the bell of my body—where will they stop? They wander and wander through the air, beyond the last echo and the last day of the world.

"Oh! how clearly I understand now why the air seems to me a living thing that trembles, an infinite sea, populated by the golden fish of all the harmonies that have fallen upon it since the birth of the world."

THE PRAYER OF THE PAINTER BROTHER

"Brothers: once again, as every morning, I have blessed the light to-day.

"Oh, marvel of marvels! As the

flower in front of my cell follows the course of the sun, so my eyes follow its trail.

"If that flower, scorched by the caresses of its lover, gives off the most precious of incense, how shall my body some day reveal the passion that is transforming its essence.

"Will my ashes yield an incense lighter even, that may serve as a ladder for the prayers that ascend?

"To-day I have seen the vast havoc the sun makes of the flowers, the trees and the transparent skin of women.

"My brush also has left upon the branch the last yellow leaves, which an instant after were torn away for ever.

"I fix the beauty of the rapid present that gleams a second between the two eternities of the past that grows, and the inexhaustible future.

"I conquer the continuity that follows, and I leave always vibrating the very transparency of the ephemeral flower, the roseate glory of the sunset, the beauty of passing youth."

THE PRAYER OF THE SCULPTOR BROTHER

Then the sculptor brother spoke. His forehead was hard and firm; his cheeks sunken; all his aspect solid and rugged.

"When to my rough hands comes the wild tremor, none could recognize them: such is the softness, the delicacy, the lightness, that informs them and converts the rude fingers into calm, fine, wise antennae.

"They steal over the formless mass of clay, seeking and seeking, like blind feelers, the cherished form that is hidden therein.

"Under their influence, my eyes observe and learn, and afterward, when I take a walk through the country, the rocks solicit me; the hills are monsters in repose; and everything has an unknown appearance; the woman who is returning with a jar filled with water, the arm that supports it tense and the other swinging in the air; the children that bathe in the rivulet and assume attitudes that cry out to be eternalized.

"When I steady my hands on the neighboring rocks, as if in the act of taking

possession, I feel them warm under the sun, like the flesh of a maiden, and the palpitation of my blood passes into the rocks and the rocks quiver, I swear to you they quiver, with the same rhythm of life that my passion pours into them!"

THE PRAYER OF THE ARCHITECT BROTHER

"A little house that I design! Imaginary walls; doors through which the ants can not enter; windows opening upon chambers of illusion!

"Through the crystals no face spies; behind them no light is kindled.

"Like a plaything, my smiling eyes observe thee, shadow that my hands embody.

"One day, not remote, Oh miracle of volition! like a fairy seed upon a winged leaf, thou wilt fly until thou fallest to the earth. Thy foundations will take root, thy walls will arise to the measure of the mason's song, and thy beautiful windows will be open eyes, full of wonder, in the presence of the vast horizon. When the last blows struck upon the roof resound through the empty chambers, when the fine dust of the last labors concluded still lingers on the lazy air, at the beginning of thy life, all will be hostile to thee: the very birds will flee thy cold eaves; the sun, with its most brilliant rays, will make perceptible thy adventitious neatness; and thy brazen appearance will be one more pretention in the sight of the wise and ancient houses that contemplate thee peevishly round about.

"A day will come, however, when a man and his noisy family will tread thy chambers, and will go up and down, as restless as squirrels.

"The poor man, an easy prey to delusion, when he attempts a forgotten smile, will believe that his old sadnesses are left outside, and that within thy walls will begin for him a new life, freed of all the old weariness.

"Like one more star, visible in the dark, will shine thy lights, kindled for the nocturnal birds. The belated travelers, that go along the skirts of the neighboring mountains, will see how the red clarity bats and winks like a friendly signal. They know not that the branches of the

trees, hidden at night, stirred by the silent winds, as they go and come in their swing in front of thy windows, create this amiable deception."

"The rain, which through all the immense succession of winters, was wont to find the earth unencumbered on the spot where thou standest, will murmur at thy presence and wreak vengeance upon thee. In a thousand little rivulets it will descend the long slopes of thy roofs, and, alas, it will search out the tiniest chinks! It will disturb thy slumber in the depths of night, as if a hundred whimsical clocks took a fancy to walk about the garret.

"Also the rain, which comes to reverdure the earth, will contrive to cover thy sterile roof with green. It makes of a house constructed for men a refuge for moss and stray weeds. In invisible crevices, in three grains of dust, stolen from the highway by the wind that upturns all, it will cause them to take root and thrive.

"Some night when the insistent madness of the gusts of wind shakes a forgotten wicket, from the hollow of a gutter-tile, a barn-owl will entreat repeatedly for silence in order to spy upon the forays of the mice.

"In the dampness perpetuated in the continuous shadow of the corners, a whole tribe of black beetles will make their little habitations, and above, in the loftiest and most useless windows, careful spiders will spin beautiful curtains to protect themselves from the cold and the prying of the swallows.

"With the dawn of a late spring will be born beneath thy roof a child, who will cry without ceasing. Within thee he will abide an obscure hint of a thought.

"On an ashen evening of a gilded autumn the poor man, who thought to begin a new life in thee, will observe, for the last time, before dying, the stripped walls of his habitation.

"For a long while only moaning, complaints and lamentations will be heard, and between them certain silences, deep and distressing, broken by sinister blows struck as upon a hollow box.

"Then will the family abandon thy shelter. All will turn their eyes to con-

template thee before reaching a bend in the road—all, save the child that was born beneath thy roof. He will go away happy; the idea of a change will give him an ingenuous pleasure that will fill all his thoughts.

"New families will arrive, asking refuge of thee. There will be like hopes and similar loves; other children will be born, and other men and women will look upon the last of their twilights from thy windows.

"I myself, who design thee now, O little house of illusion! I also shall cease one day to cast a shadow; for beneath the earth, which then will cover me, all is so dark that my shadow will be mingled with all other shadows.

"I shall not be alive; while thou, house of my fancy, wilt go on sheltering the random weeds, the spiders and the beetles.

"When a hundred and a hundred springs shall have passed, the earth that forms thee will have become soft and loamy. Too many plants will grow upon thy naked walls, and, like improvised windows, crannies and holes will give passage to the rains, the sun and the wind.

"Some night thy wasted timbers will give way, and down will come a part of thy roof with a crash upon the abandoned chambers.

"Even thus, however, among thy ruins lovers and robbers will seek refuge.

"For ten summers still the harvests must ripen before there shall be aught but a mound, upon the site where thou standest.

"Thou also wilt have died! Thou also shalt perish! And upon this heap, upraised like a tumulus to thy memory, spring will cause to bloom all the flowers of the field.

"Even the memory of thee will die, O little house of illusion! Perhaps shortly before, perhaps shortly after, the memory I leave of myself.

"From a part of the earth that thou and I shall have given back to the ground, other men will come to fashion out of us their houses.

"Ah! with how much avidity shall we two then, through the open void of the

windows, contemplate once again those forgotten horizons."

THE PRAYER OF THE POET BROTHER

Then ascended the Three Steps the poet brother, who was also the Elder Brother, and he said in a serene and persuasive voice:

"Everything in the world is beauty; what is within us, and what is without us: joy, love, sorrow and death; the easy aspect of things, and their hidden aspect.

"Nothing is base and contemptible: what offends our sight may gratify our heart.

"From what we are, to what we feel, from what we know, to what we are ignorant of, stretches the only path that encircles the universe, the only truth that lives as we live, and is changed with us, but never dies.

"To-day at noon, steeped in indolent lethargy, I gazed from my cell upon the neighboring fields.

"A laborer was taking his noon-day nap, and his oxen, yoked to the plow, waited ruminating. A tiny linnet, who had beheld the work of the countryman and his oxen, was leaping uneasily from branch to branch. I divined by his trills that he was oppressed by his insignificance, in comparison with the laborious man and the large and patient beasts.

"He ate the grains that others sowed; he sang while the rest were bowed with toil. He, inconstant, whimsical, changeable, went flying hither and thither, and jumping about without an object, while other beings accomplished hard and methodical labors.

"The querulous birdling essayed to guide the plow while the laborer slept. With a dart he alighted on the plow; but his weight was so slight that the plow did not sink into the earth by so much as a hairbreadth. He wished to quicken the pace of the yoke, but his voice was a simple and harmonious trill. Ever simple and harmonious trills, O tiny linnet!

"Thy tribulations are musical twitters. Joys and sorrows, when they course through thy small body, are changed of necessity to songs.

"Thou seemest foreign to all that is serious, grave or painful, because thine is the marvel of always expressing thyself in an harmonious manner, so that men who work think thy songs reflect only a frivolous intoxication.

"They know not that it is impossible for thee to say anything that will not be beautiful; and not because thy uneasiness is expressed in a language of gold, is thy little heart left by them unstricken."

We withdrew in silence. Beauty had played upon our spirits as upon over-dry wood. Something glowing stirred within us, as if an impossible fire would flare up and consume us.

Through the archway of the Cloister, the sky of night, streaked by sinister clouds, showed a dark red. The rarefied air gave cause to dread the coming of a sudden earthquake.

All was still; not a bat disturbed the air with its screeching; the neighboring cocks were hushed and the ducks silent. The white frogs of the cistern seemed mute at intervals, as if they interrupted their litanies to listen to what none suspected.

The dull, wasting heat exhausted the last hope. In that unknown silence we heard the creaking of the new cracks that opened in the bark of the trees and in the drear, baked earth. Afar, in the distant uplands, a great fire was devouring the forests, and above the red light of the immense conflagration an enormous blue cloud assumed the form of a woman, borne away in infinite anxiety.

Before retiring, we went to visit the little graveyard near at hand, where reposed our three companions.

Above the tomb of each, covered with bare earth, there had been planted a wild rose-tree.

The burning atmosphere consumed even the last perfume of the drooping roses.

One of the brothers, who was observing the smallest of the rose-trees, straightened up quickly and said:

"The roots have reached his heart, because new shoots begin to appear at the base of the trunk, which was already growing old."

THE PEDAGOGICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF VOCATION

BY

VÍCTOR MERCANTE

After showing the relation between the marked crises inherent in adolescence and youthful plasticity, the author urges instructors to consider their obligation to aid pupils to the wise choice of a vocation by discovering and fostering their aptitudes, and he then emphasizes the need of a rigid selection in the process of class promotion, both as a means of stimulating the studious and of ridding the class of the impediment imposed by the deficient, slothful or vicious, as a means of strengthening the national character.—THE EDITOR.

WHAT is the significance of the crisis of puberty in the solution of the vocational problem? As soon as puberty ceases, the youth, a man now, stabilizes the sentiments and tendencies that are to be the enduring characteristics of his conduct: sentiments and characteristics of the highest dynamic value at the moment of their appearance, and which render the youth decided in his choices, to begin moderating after the ages of eighteen or twenty years.

The vocational moment, whatever the aptitudes of pupils, is defined between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. Upon the school cycle of the crisis devolves the very delicate mission, from which the primary school and the college are exempt, of preparing the mind for this transcendent moment in which the man makes choice in order to solve the social and economic problem of all his life. If the school does not place him in an adequate environment, in which he may try out and exercise his inclinations, he may miss the way. He would then experience self-dislike and disillusionment, and be without initiative or enterprise, a vagabond in callings and careers, disgusted with his past. "Psychic inheritance crops out in the moment of the crisis" (ST. Hall),¹ and it defines the beginning of adolescence. Inclinations and new likings are accentuated by its activity; no subsequent crisis will be produced to burn up, as we might say, this new budding, if it be replaced

by another. Therefore the genius, the talented, the one-sided, the one destined to excel in a single respect, to desire one thing only, becomes manifest at this period of new faculties, if he be favored by the surroundings. Frustrated, on the contrary, we have from him only a pessimist, perhaps only a dunce, because the environment is strange to his inner and dominating world. In the *indifferent* type, the crisis dawns without inclinations, without tendencies. The disciplines of education and culture are but torments. It is useless to try to ascertain what work is agreeable to him. Perhaps he may pronounce for a moment in favor of something, but being bored, he will at once give it up. Such individuals must be forced into an easy and repeated activity in education. They will have to be taken as soon as possible into the army of the automata who work by the law of habit. The type is characterized by a system of lively and predominating images in the perceptive and motive centers. This being the case, *l'imagerie* takes possession as soon as the crisis occurs, and it is organized with a surprising rapidity, so that at the age of fifteen the great aspects and the broad paths are traced, there being for the future nothing more than the perfecting, but never the changing of them. The creative imagination, which is the characteristic of the period of vocation, will be superior, through the adult age, to what is revealed at the age of fourteen or fifteen years without discipline, without culture, perhaps, but decided and tenacious.

¹Granville Stanley Hall.—THE EDITOR.

It is common to hear boys between twelve and seventeen years, in the fifth and sixth school grades, and in the first, second and third years of the college say: "I don't care for mathematics;" "I take no interest in history or drawing;" "How chemistry bores me!" These expressions are undeniable manifestations of tendencies and attachments to studies which the pupil will not later abandon. Observation verifies this. Through the years of the normal school and of the college, and even of post-graduate activities, likings do not change. He who from the first years was a good algebraist, is found ten or fifteen years later in the chair of mathematics. It is not so with the rebel, whom we find teaching Spanish or history.

The adolescent youth needs, in this second beginning of life, in which tendencies express themselves tumultuously and struggle keenly in the field of indecision, in order that some of them may lose themselves for ever in unconsciousness, while the others continue imperative in the conscience, a varied and more ample environment, without limitations, where all may be known and all may be tested, so that tendency may manifest itself and find an outlet. A trial of three years, before the ages of sixteen or seventeen, seems to be sufficient for the pupil, under the direction of capable professors, to find the way, after testing all obstacles in their relation between his activities and the things of the world that have civilized men. It is because of this period of extraordinary liveliness of images that, beginning with thirteen years, beauty stirs emotions of a character before unknown, and that every mind born for art (the poet, sculptor, musician, painter) blossoms out in this crisis in which the imagination soars so much, without history's being able to give us, save exceptionally, examples of individuals who have not declared themselves, freed now of vacillation, at this age. Lancaster affirms that the artistic vocation is born at the age of ten, mounts higher at that of twelve, and declines at that of fifteen in the indefinite types.¹ Artists have always been pre-

cocious; musicians more so than sculptors. According to Ribet,¹ "in the plastic arts, vocation and the aptitude for creating manifest themselves at about the age of fourteen." Mozart, Weber, Schubert, Cherubini, Giotto, Rafael, Michelangelo, Dürer, Bermini, Rubens and a thousand others are perfect examples of this thesis. No educator is unaware, on the other hand, that inclination to such and such artistic manual dexterity—the facility and the desire—express themselves at the beginning of adolescence. Hence parents and teachers, if they are not indifferent to these manifestations, direct their children or their pupils to conservatories or workshops when they express their desire. At the bottom of all artistic activity, let it not be forgotten, there is muscular discipline: it is found in the shop. Without doubt, an artistic vocation will not be developed if the medium does not favor it, because all affectivity is preceded by the knowledge or perception of things. From the egg, life will never issue without the warmth of the wing.

Poetic vocation is manifested in adolescence; never before, rarely afterward; an infinity of names could be cited in support of this affirmation: Shelley, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, Leopardi, Musset, Hugo, Darío. The first efforts are perhaps comic and grotesque, becoming afterward pessimistic and melancholy.²

A Swiss educator and writer of the college of the university of Geneva, August Lemaitre, says, in the chapter on *La pensée de l'adolescence*: that the egocentric utilitarianism which is noticed to a maximum degree in adolescence, is the most powerful motive to wholesome activity. Here are some figures concerning the ideal dreamed of by young people of from fourteen to fifteen years, in respect of the choice of a career: 38 per cent. would elect to be engineers or architects; 14 per cent., professors; 13 per cent., merchants; 5 per cent., soldiers; 5 per cent., physicians; 5 per cent., agriculturists; 3 per cent., missionaries; 2 per cent., explorers; 1 per cent., lawyers; and

¹*L'imagination créatrice*, p. 120.

²Horace L. Brittain: *A Study in Imagination*, Pedagogical Seminary, XIV, p. 169.

¹*Op. cit.*, p. 101.

in the same proportion, historians, entomologists, custom-house officials, clerks. What surprises in these statistics, says Lemaitre, is the attraction which the technical sciences have for youth, his judgment being based upon what he has seen of them in connection with machines, motors, shops, etc.¹

According to Mendousse:

The problem of vocation is complicated by the fact that mental types are so numerous that the larger part do not find occasion to declare themselves because of the rigid uniformity of the methods employed in education; the scientific minds being opposed to the literary ones, it is believed that the resources of electivity have been exhausted.²

All vocation is in itself a great affective charge. As may be seen in the course of this paper, no period offers a more intense manifestation of affectivity (ideas are prolonged in the form of sentiments), and, consequently, of states of consciousness, of which ideas are the source of strength. Evidently then adolescence is also the period of decision, and in an indisputable manner the one in which the sentiment of conduct and of the habits that are to serve as a helm and oar to the individual all his life, are fixed.

Said Sarmiento, regarding his teacher, in his autobiography:

He took me to school at his side; he taught me Latin; I accompanied him to his exile at San Luis; and we loved each other so much—teacher and pupil—we had so many talks, he speaking and I listening to him with rapture, that to relate only one of them I think would make a discourse it would take two years to deliver. My intelligence was molded under the impress of his mind, and to him I owe my turn for public life, my love for liberty and for my country, and my consecration to whatever pertains to it, from which I could never be weaned, either by poverty or exile, during an absence of many years. I came from his hands with my reason formed at fifteen years. Venturesome like him, brooking no absolute commands, knightly and vain, as honest as an angel, with notions regarding many things, loaded with facts, memories, histories of the past and of what was then the present, which

enabled me afterward to follow with ease the trend and the spirit of events, to become impassioned for the good, to read and write hard and rapidly, so that the newspaper press would not find me unprovided with stores for the lavishment of ideas and thoughts which it demands. Apart from the turbulent vivacity of his youth—since I was always timid and peaceable—his whole soul passed into mine, and in San Juan my family, seeing me abandoned to the throes of enthusiasm, would say: "There is don José Oro;" for even his manners and the inflections of his high and sonorous voice had fixed themselves on me.¹

The study which we have made enables us to reach the following conclusions:

1. That in man there exist two vocational periods: one of them belonging to childhood (before the ages of eleven or twelve); the other, to adolescence, defined by the crisis of puberty.

2. That vocation is a psycho-moral phenomenon, determined by hereditary values, at times contrary, in which cases it loses the intellectual grades of more recent acquisition and stops with inferior forms.

3. That adult vocation is defined as soon as the crisis of puberty occurs; but this is not a characteristic proper to all individuals. In some of them it does not exist, in others it is unstable, in others it is precise and clear cut, in others it is polyhedric, according to the peculiar word of Lombroso.

4. That from the pedagogical point of view the vocational capacity of a pupil may be defined as between the ages of twelve and fifteen years. The unstable or indifferent, incapable of decision, may be driven or obliged by the will of others (that of relatives) to exercise a special activity without this yielding us any more than mediocre or negative results, with the fatalistic belief that successes are due to luck; such is the opinion now generalized, not only among uncultured people, but among youth in process of education.

These conclusions bring with them others of a pedagogical order, it already being noted how premature it would be to discover the physiognomy of the son in the paternal and ancestral inheritances,

¹ *La vie mental de l'adolescence*, Ch. I, 1910.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 168.

¹ Sarmiento, *Obras*, Vol. III, p. 69.

which may be summed up in the following rules:

1. To observe the manifestations of the pupil when adolescence begins and to classify his affectivities.

2. To afford the greatest number of possible opportunities for the manifestation of his tendencies, without opposing his will.

3. To foster the inclination that springs from the free play of his activities.

4. To consider his choice as a program of education and culture.

The formal study of a subject exacts discipline for observing and thinking; but these two operations are subordinate to the capacity for attending, retaining and reasoning, which undergoes the crisis of puberty in such a way that at fifteen or sixteen years it offers us renewed faculties and is therefore ready for efforts of another kind. It is thus evident that we can not make of them the same use at six, nine, thirteen and seventeen years. It may be possible to prepare them, however, in respect of duration and intensity, when applied to a single object, given up to easy activities that shall favor the mental repose which the brain seems to demand by means of an exercise that shall not lose its primary character, but shall lend all its support to the physical development, which may be resolved into some useful exercise, such as manual work, since all investigations show an extraordinary organic eclosion, peculiarly muscular, and a recess of the mind. Everything seems to indicate a period for the learning of the lesser industries, in the open air, which constitutes, on the other hand, a first form for the protection of the species by man, considered historically.

Another cause no less profound contributes to these inequalities, which demand, with an imperative voice, on the one hand, demarkation, and, on the other, the exclusion from the class room of those who ought not to study. Not all possess a mind for mathematics. Useless would be the efforts that we might put forth to make engineers of certain young men, as their parents seek to do; or to make poets, physicians or sculptors of those who are lacking in what is essential, that is,

inclination. The most categorical example of incapacity is offered to us by the conservatory, in the first year of which thirty students of the violin are inscribed. After six years, in spite of having the same professor, the same hours, the same exercises, we have two excellent soloists, the pick of the lot; ten or twelve performers; seven or eight mediocrities who keep going by sheer tenacity, whose ear or whose hands fail not to be rebellious to musical discipline; nine or ten who are incapable to such extent that they are not able to tune their instruments or carry the part of a simple measure. It is as if with study they got worse. This phenomenon of reversion is common in all studies. It indicates typically those who ought not to study subjects for which they lack aptitude, since, in the groups of pupils, they are obstacles to the progress of the class, when the professor does not drop them; and they work against the economy of time and the interest of the courses. You send one of them to the blackboard, along with six others; you set for him an equation; at the end of fifteen minutes you question; in five minutes, four of his companions satisfactorily explain their work and maintain their interest in the study, and you classify them. He, however, forgot what was laid down, and he must read it; he does not recognize the fractional coefficient of a term; he has done incorrectly the subtraction of two fractions. You ask the arithmetical rule, and, after stammering for several minutes, trying to produce it, you declare him ignorant of the knowledge to which you have directed his attention a thousand times. When he passed a term he forgot to change the sign. . . . His memory, his logic, his language are an affliction. Your explanations, unnecessary for the class, took you twenty-five minutes: the class is upset, falls into lassitude; and you finish with your plan in disorder, because the time granted you is wanting. But did you succeed even in enlightening your pupil? No; the scene will be repeated a hundred times, if a hundred times you are guilty of the folly of calling upon him to recite. Why then oblige these young people to

study sciences for which they have no capacity? Why must this science be indispensable to zoölogy or history? From this comes cheating! The dull pupil will bring into play his shrewdness to secure, in whatsoever manner, a promotion in order to realize his aspirations, perhaps literary. Nothing therefore is so unequal as aptitudes, even supposing individuals to be of the same age, of the same environment and of the same race. Paternal inheritance, hygiene, sicknesses, nutrition, vices, modify them profoundly, and, without having invalids, we have diseases that leave some pupils upon the threshold of knowledge, while others hasten on to the heights. Morbid psychology has made extensive studies upon every aptitude. It might thus establish specific activities for each of them, and for the great hiatuses which disconcert the mind while it works: the perturbations of sensibility, the dullness of the senses, the dysmnasias, the dysphasias, the blindnesses, the asymbolias, the dyslogies, the misplacements of articulate speech, types of oral confusion, are phenomena that modify the progress of the psychic process, weakening it in one sense, strengthening it in another, that inevitably casts up a variety of intelligences which the college, against all prescribed logic, devotes itself to subjecting to the same discipline: the same class room for all, the same plan, the same subjects, the same program, the same professors.

Finally, another drawback which the formation of an intelligence encounters is the multiplicity of subjects: first, because the time that can be given to the same kinds of subjects diminishes; and next, because it is not possible to organize intense and enduring states of consciousness upon the whole of a set of ideas, since the mental process changes continually in stimulus, and therefore it must, on account of the new components, recommence the process, with all the delays involved in the first case of adaptation.

If the low state of the child's attention induced by the crisis—as statistics show—be aggravated by obliging him to renew the motives five or six times a day, in

nine or ten studies, we shall have explained for us that unconquerable antipathy toward study, which is the chief concern of the honest teacher. The class room has always seemed like a cinematograph; but the latter entertains, while the former wears out. Attention is intimately related to affectivity and to interest in a new motive. The new exacts of the mind a long preparation in order to organize consciousness in the centers. Affectivity is produced by comprehension of the new and interest in the new, which is not obtained except by means of an effort centered upon it in a continuous manner, without other interruptions than those of the repose exacted by fatigue. On this account the mind begins by *living an environment*, a mental environment, in which stimuli, sensations, recollections, reasonings, ideas, acts are nothing more than elements of this environment. Consciousness thus heightened and vitalized at every moment, acquires that intensity which contributes precisely the command of knowledge, memory, facility for entering into the exercise of its mechanism, the interest and the spirit of the subject. This mastery is obtained, however, by concentrating the mind upon a single field. When the brain must organize several states of consciousness, then the process ceases to be continuous, and the substitution involves an extraterritoriality of activities: that of excluding from our preoccupations exactly the elements of consciousness which we are forming, and of commencing again the task of organization, with the consequent effort this beginning implies. The state B, however, is a banishment of A. When we return to A, the mechanism of the substitution is involved, and an extraordinary waste of preparatory energy takes place in order that consciousness may revive its environment and acquire the values it had when it was substituted by B. Therefore, if this interchange is frequent, it is clear that the organizations of thought will be inconsistent, and they will prove separable under the least pressure they may suffer. It is now understood how the attention, distributed over several fields, loses its fixedness, and the interest, derived from

it, is distributed in a thousand little parts over a thousand different demands. This, speaking psychologically, is, in truth, distraction. Several years of exercise of this character render the attention incapable of fixing itself upon a problem and studying it profoundly. This is one of the gravest reasons we have for combating the courses and schedules of the colleges, when pretense is made in them of a scientific culture and the formation of minds. It is, nevertheless, one of the unquestionable purposes of the college to produce an aptitude for attention, which is to concentrate the attention upon a point for the greatest possible time. Hence we have qualified the cinematograph, because of the way it is used, by utilizing the natural tendency of the mind not to work, as an apparatus for cultivating distraction; something similar happens with the school.

If any one of my readers has written a book, he will understand the meaning of living the environment of his book. If on any account, as for a lecture, you are obliged to interrupt your work, you know how hard it has been for you to take up the thread again and return to the task.

From our country, small but full of sap, we need to form a great nation. We shall succeed in this when to the heights we lead intelligent youth tenacious for work, impassioned for knowledge, convinced of the work that a serious study and will can accomplish. The person who, incapable of comprehending this path, and who, with the disguise of a lie, attempts to scale the heights, ought, without pity, to be excluded from the college; for, by corrupting all, he will be the greatest stumblingblock which the wholesome elements will encounter in the way of developing an effective and vigorous action. Therefore the office of the general inspection,¹ in the rules of 1916 for promotions, ordered that every student should leave the college who, for three consecutive months, should be conditioned in two studies, or, in one study, for two years. Only a selection without any

yielding—the stimulus of the best—will be able to give us the robust mentality of the countries destined not to be slaves and to achieve lofty enterprises upon the earth. Latin-Americans would be infirm not because of inaction, but because of distraction, being accustomed to those easy successes, which are but accidents in the life of peoples, as long as the vacancy of the geographical regions which they occupy continues. On this account the vagabondage proper to the primitive clans is notorious among the powerful classes, perennially on the move, without fixed place and not concerned with devoting their incomes to profitable uses; and the tendency always to work less and to loiter away the time is noticeable among the youth of the artisan classes. This double shirking of capital and labor brings inevitably a peaceful conquest by the foreigner, who, because of his greater constancy and preparation absorbs commerce, industry, capital, instruction, everything which, as a mark of superiority, demands great attention and great activities. Nationality is to-day a psychological problem. Our patriotism is useless, if we fail to be superior by our knowledge, our culture, and, above all, by our will to work. Conquered by our own necessities, the creatures of a civilization that we can not renounce, we shall be silently conquered, made over, replaced without knowing it; for in the twentieth century peoples are not violently thrust aside as in the time of Darius; families lose their properties, their fortunes, their influence, their prestige, their names, in fifteen, thirty, fifty years, absorbed by a conquest of slow, vigorous and even seductive penetration, when they are incapable of reacting from luxury, falsehood and idleness. Among all peoples exists a mass of inferior elements which suffers from the ills noted. No way, however, is open for them to lift themselves and to acquire the wholesome impulse of the capable, whose 5 per cent. is sufficient to enable a nation to occupy the front rank among those who dictate their destinies to the world. It is a sacred mission of the college and of the university—if they would not conspire against the patria—

¹A department of the ministry of Public Instruction that deals directly with the educational institutions, teachers, etc.—THE EDITOR.

to prepare this higher class of intelligences and characters, chosen not because of their lineage or fortune, but because of their application, their tenacity, their talent and their virtues. As long as this does not take place, the ignorant and

arrogant multitude, with its title of doctor and its heroic attitudes because of a coat of arms, will deliver the country to another race, which will not bring firearms to take us, nor chains to cast us into irons. Let us live out our blood!



PARAGUAY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE WORLD WAR¹

AN IMPOSSIBLE PARALLEL

BY

JUAN E. O'LEARY

Using as a text an article that appeared some time ago in one of the European periodicals, in which a comparison was made between Paraguay as a militant power, in its supposed attack upon the Triple alliance of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina, in the '60's, and the Germanic empires of to-day, and between López, the Paraguayan dictator and commander-in-chief, on the one hand, and William II, on the other, as arch-militarists, the author undertakes to show that Paraguay was not the aggressor upon neighboring peoples, but the defender of her own soil, and that López, far from being like William II, was a generous and patient fosterer of the material and moral destinies of his nation, and at the same time a coöperator with the surrounding nations in the interest of liberty and harmony. While many will not agree with the thesis of the writer, in respect of the character and purposes of López, the sketch is not only historically instructive, but, by emphasizing certain aspects of the Paraguayan cause, it does something to restore the equilibrium of truth, frequently overlooked by the opponents of López.—THE EDITOR.

INFINITELY flattered by your invitation, in complying with which I have delayed some months, I have been considering what would be the best form in which to meet your wishes. Without oratorical gifts, I am lacking in the resources of the divine art, and I can not even offer you one of those harmonious flights of eloquence in which speech is like a sonorous torrent, that, released, encompasses the ear and descends to the depths of the soul to stir our affections and carry us away with the rhythm of its waves. My diction, rude in its sincerity, knows not the secrets of eloquence, at least of that artificial eloquence whose pomp and tinsel are wont to cheat us with its showy appearance. I could not come therefore to entertain you a moment by making you enjoy for a little while the delights of the *art of fine speech*. The fact was, however, that you desired to hear me, and even indicated to me the subject upon which I ought to base my conversation. You wish to hear my ancient melopoeia, my historic song, my patriotic prayer, uttered in every tone for more than twenty years. It is evident that I could not be given a theme more

grateful to me, since it would afford me an occasion for interpreting once more my apostolate, by bearing to the bosom of youth my living doctrine in my own words, broadening thus the scope of my propaganda. Even so, however, I encountered difficulty in finding a motive around which to make my ideas revolve in order to give to them the necessary opportuneness. A London review, which fell into my hands by accident, led me to the field I sought, and gave me occasion to bring even here, the echoes of the great European tragedy, at the same time evoking our own immense tragedy. You shall see how, my friends.

Already, at the beginning of the present war, the extraordinary power of Germany, her undeniable heroism and the futility of her sacrifices, had brought to mind the strength of Paraguay, its heroism and its sacrifices. An Argentine publicist said that Germany would end as Paraguay ended, that it was condemned to be the Paraguay of the European continent. Doña Emilia Pardo Bazán asked herself if upon the conclusion of the war there would be men in Germany, if there would not be repeated

¹An address delivered at a banquet given in Itá, Paraguay, in honor of the señor O'Leary, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, at which many of his colleagues were present.—THE EDITOR.

the comic scenes of Paraguay, where it is notorious that the women, after the depopulation caused by the war, laid hold of the men,

begging them, as an especial favor, to take them as wives or as something worse.

I, señores, can do no less than answer those who, in one way or another, outrage us by establishing hateful comparisons to belittle us, and even finding grounds for laughter in scenes which, if true, ought to be profoundly moving.

After that, much has been spoken and written upon the subject. The tremendous passions which the conflagration has awakened have continued to remind us of Paraguay, as an argument in favor of or against Germany.

In our own country, our compatriots see things thus, as you know, in diverse ways, establishing a parallel in accordance with their sympathies.

I shall not enter deeply into the facts of the question. Above all, I much respect foreign national sentiment, and I understand what it is for a man, removed from his country, to behold his country struggling in the midst of a war like the present one. Without being a partisan of Germany, because of the principle it represents, it would be painful to have to mortify those of her sons who share our lot and are hard workers in our progress.

In other respects, tolerance has always been for me the most admirable of virtues.

This being said, I proceed to occupy myself with the London review already mentioned, which will supply me with a broad field for a dissertation, which I shall try to make as brief as possible. In the review to which I alluded, called *El Marconigrama*, and directed by a well known Colombian literary man, a Mr. Koebel,¹ a name that may well be the pseudonym of a writer of the Plata or of Brazil, publishes a long article upon the present war. In this article he undertakes to prove that the European drama is but a reproduction, on a great scale, of the American drama of 1865, maintaining

that it was the lot of Paraguay to play the part of Prussia, and that William II is only the historical reproduction of Solano López.¹ Let me remark that we are dealing with a furious pro-Ally, who writes an allegation against Germany, and in passing, against Paraguay. We outline the principal part of the affirmations of the author in order to demonstrate their absolute incorrectness, answering the charges he formulates against the Paraguayan government and bringing the truth into the clear light.

He says that half a century ago, a military despotism menaced America, as to-day the German despotism threatens Europe. Paraguay was Prussia, and don Carlos Antonio López² was the most liberal of Paraguayan dictators, just as the father of William II was the most liberal of the German emperors. Solano López inherited the government of the only country where there existed a despotic militarism, and he, like William II, concerned himself that the efficiency and number of his troops should increase until he might have an army that would find no equal upon the continent. In this army he imbued the belief that to die for him, who was the incarnation of the patria, would be to exercise the highest virtue. As William II took Frederick the Great as his model,

¹Francisco Solano López, born at Asunción, July 24, 1827, died near Aquidabán, March 1, 1870, was the son of Carlos Antonio; upon the death of his father he assumed the executive office by virtue of his father's will, convoking a congress and having himself elected to the presidency for ten years; he was president and commander-in-chief of the Paraguayan armies during the war against the Triple alliance; when the war turned against him, he gave himself over to unrestrained despotism and cruelty, ordering executed, upon charges of conspiracy, generally considered unproved, many prominent citizens of the republic, including generals, ministers, judges, bishops, priests, merchants, his own brothers and brothers-in-law, as well as foreign consuls. After the capture of Asunción, he retreated into the interior with a handful of followers, and he was surprised near the river Aquidabán by a Brazilian force, and he and his oldest son were slain.—THE EDITOR.

²Carlos Antonio López: born near Asunción, 1795, he died there, September 10, 1862; he was made first consul, March 12, 1841, and he was elected president for ten years in 1844, being reelected for three years in 1854, and for seven years in 1857, the elections being nominal, owing to the fact that the congress obeyed his dictates blindly. He began his life as a priest, but he renounced the ecclesiastical career to devote himself to public civic life.—THE EDITOR.

¹The author is evidently mistaken in his supposition that "Koebel" is a temporary pseudonym; for W.H. Koebel is a real and effective person, and the author of *Modern Argentina*, 1907, Dana Estes & Co., Boston; *Uruguay*, 1911, T. Fisher Unwin, London and Leipsic; *Modern Chile*, 1913, G. Bell & Sons, London; *Paraguay*, 1917, T. Fisher Unwin, London.—THE EDITOR.

López took as a model Napoleon I. Brazil, Argentina and other countries contiguous to Paraguay, began to be concerned with the menace of Paraguayan militarism, there being observed in America the same symptoms of disquietude and dislike as were observed in Europe for more than a decade prior to the breaking out of the war. Then happened what was obliged to occur: López, having carefully prepared "the iron hand," could no longer resist the temptation to launch himself in the train of conquest and glory, brandishing the military instrument which he had forged. As the first step toward the foundation of the empire of America he took advantage of an insignificant pretext to invade Brazil. The analogies between the struggle that was thus initiated and the European war are striking. The most important of them is to be noted in the assault upon Argentine neutrality in order to attack the empire from the south, like the assault upon Belgium in order to attack France.

Here we have in substance what is presented in the long study in which Koebel makes in so curious a manner an analysis of the Paraguayan drama, over against that of Europe, exhausting a philosophy both strange and capricious.

I need not tell you that we have here one of the most irritating falsifications of history. The author is either absolutely ignorant of the past of these peoples, or he knows it too well and seeks to confuse it purposely, in order to justify the infamous crime of the Triple alliance.¹ I prefer to believe the latter. Koebel must be a pseudonym, I again repeat, behind which is hidden an Argentine or a Brazilian writer. His affirmations, shorn of the novelty lent them by the parallel between Paraguay and Prussia, are already old in America, as they have been repeated to the point of weariness by the historians of the alliance. Nothing else was said by the Garmedias and the Bormans, who proclaimed the justice of their cause over strangled Paraguay, and applied to the account of the vanquished all imaginable faults and crimes. As we have

remained dumb for so many years, we have not made our allegation heard, giving rise to the fact that even in the conscience of our people these infamous mystifications should find lodgment, as there are not wanting Paraguayans who have quoted the belittling falsehoods of the conqueror, denying what we were, and repeating the shameful condemnations.

Let us study now, however, all these old falsehoods, to-day rejuvenated by means of the shock of cannon. We shall begin by denying that fifty years ago there was in Paraguay a "military despotism that menaced America, as to-day the German despotism menaces Europe."

Let us recount a little history.

Paraguay sprang into independent life in 1811, without the effusion of blood, peacefully disposing of the Spanish governor. From the moment, however, in which she affirmed her resolution to be free and independent, she began a struggle with Buenos Aires, which did not concede this right, considering her as a province of the old viceroyalty of the río de la Plata. We need not enter into the details of this initial struggle between Paraguay, which devoted itself to sustaining its sovereign individuality, and the ancient metropolis, which attempted to subdue it. Diplomatic efforts failed, as Belgrano's endeavors in favor of conquest had failed. Buenos Aires, which had stirred up the hatred of all the provinces, loosed a whirlwind of anarchy, which was to endure much more than half a century. In the meanwhile, Paraguay fell into the hands of Doctor Francia, who had no other concern than to preserve our independence. With a volcanic spirit, a kind of belated Jacobin, he beheld only one means of realizing his patriotic dream: to isolate his country, while he watched in solitude, in absolute silence, his eyes fixed on the frontier, after making anarchy impossible, and all life active in his dominions. A complex figure—that of Doctor Francia—and it is not now to the point to study it. We shall only say that when his death occurred, thirty years afterward, the independence of Paraguay, although always denied by Buenos Aires, continued to

¹The reference is to the alliance of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentine, as will be seen later.—THE EDITOR.

exist, strengthening every day its sovereignty.

Don Carlos Antonio López found that the danger had not disappeared, and that an enemy much more tenacious than all the oligarchies of Buenos Aires was now endeavoring to realize the aspiration to subdue us. There had arisen upon the stage of the río de la Plata the sinister figure of the tyrant Rosas. He was indeed capable of dealing with us!

López began by ratifying the oath of our independence, decreeing its symbols and material tributes. Then he entered into friendly relations with the civilized countries of both continents, bringing us out of the isolation in which we lived and inducting us into the society of nations. At this moment of our existence appeared in our way the empire of Brazil, stretching out the hand of a friend, assuring us of recognizing our independence. Useless were the protests of Rosas. Brazil was with us and was our best ally against the despot of Buenos Aires. Was the conduct of the usurping empire, the constant menace to all her neighbors, in truth disinterested in this case? How could it be so! Brazil, in supporting Paraguay, was playing Brazilian politics, not Paraguayan politics. Rosas was a danger, above all, for the empire, because Rosas, who also had his great qualities, cherished the magnificent dream of reconstructing the viceroyalty, making of Argentina, Uruguay, Bolivia and Paraguay an immense patria, which should crush Brazil, sweeping from America the only crowned head. The emperor recognized the capacity of a man who did not vacillate before the power of France and England in defense of the honor of his country. On this account, on this account alone, he took the part of Paraguay, as he took the part of Uruguay, in order to defeat the plans of Rosas. All of which was not to prevent, as we shall see, his policy from changing radically, later on, and not in a single respect, to tell the truth.

With so powerful a friend, don Carlos Antonio López had now something with which to begin. Working with extraordinary tenacity and wisdom he soon succeeded in elevating his country. We

lack time even to enumerate what he did. It is sufficient to say that in a few years Paraguay, the possessor of immense riches, was forging ahead so rapidly as to place herself in the foremost rank of the peoples of America. Rosas, on his part, however, did not desist from his purposes. Whenever his enemies left him time to breathe, he prepared to invade Paraguay. Before the constant, the terrible menace, don Carlos Antonio López did what he had to do: he prepared his country to resist the enemy. He filled it with schools, which, according to him, were the best monuments that could be erected to liberty; he encouraged the raising of cattle; he distributed lands and implements for their cultivation; he created a national merchant marine; he opened our ports to the commerce of the world; he built the first railway of the río de la Plata; he established a telegraph line; he inaugurated a literary academy; he founded newspapers and reviews; and he gave to his people, if not the best laws, those that suited it best. While he was doing this, however, and much more, he converted unarmed Paraguay into a military power, he created arsenals and foundries, and he hastened himself in person to the frontiers of the Paraná to defend our threatened frontier.

Behold, how arose what Koebel calls "the Paraguayan military despotism!"

Under the pressure of a real danger, our independence denied and constantly menaced, we had to prepare ourselves effectively to exercise a legitimate defense. Against whom was "the Paraguayan militarism," directed? Why was it going to be a menace to America?

The Paraguayan militarism had then only one reason, the preservation of our independence, as later it had no other objective than the defense of our frontiers. It was thus that this militarism, far from imperiling the neighboring peoples, was always their ally against other oppressors. López was against Rosas, but not against the Argentines. When the illustrious General Paz came to ask of him protection in order to overthrow the tyrant, López placed at his disposal 5,000 Paraguayan soldiers, and formed an alliance with him.

When General Urquiza¹ solicited the same thing for a like purpose, López promised to contribute to the liberation of the Argentine people.

It will be said, however, that Rosas fell, and that this militarism continued, and, moreover, that independence had been recognized and Paraguay had nothing to fear.

True premises; a false conclusion!

After the fall of Rosas, and in spite of the recognition of our independence by the Argentine republic, the danger not only continued on foot, but it assumed greater proportions with the intervention of a new factor. It is easy to demonstrate this.

On the one hand, there arose the question of boundaries with Argentina, and, on the other, the same question with Brazil. Both countries sought to impose their claims upon us on the basis of the renunciation of extensive strips of our legitimate territory. Don Carlos Antonio López maintained our rights with singular energy and capacity, beholding himself more than once within a handbreadth of war. Argentina disputed with us the territory of Misiones, the south of the Paraná and a part of the Chaco. The diplomatic negotiations after the fall of the autocrat of Santos Lugares did not succeed in reaching any definite conclusion. A truce of six years was signed in 1856, which postponed the solution for a later period. This sole fact shows us how grave was our situation. It was the categorical declaration that at this time there

was no means of reaching an understanding, at least peacefully, in so delicate a question.

On the other hand, the same question of boundaries became more and more grave with Brazil with the passing of time. From the year 1844, in which Pimenta Bueno recognized the boundaries indicated by the treaty of San Ildefonso (1777), a recognition which, if ratified by the imperial government, would have incorporated with our country the eastern missions and an enormous territory to the north of the río Apa—from then, I say—the Brazilian claims were increasing, along with their audacity and insolence. In 1846 the empire declared itself to be the owner of the Chaco as far as the twenty-third parallel. A year later the empire decreed the fortification of Fecho de Morros, and in 1850 a Brazilian force occupied that part of our soil. The Paraguayan government then had to appeal to violence in order to oppose that act of usurpation, sending an expedition that easily dislodged the imperial troops. In 1855 the Brazilians again occupied our territory, and we had to drive them out anew by force. These facts might have produced a break, they might have brought war. Brazil seemed to be seeking nothing else. Not so, however; the astute Lucitanian diplomacy was only preparing the ground for later intrigues. It did not yet suit her to break with Paraguay; she only wished to occupy those waste places in order to invoke later the effective possession of them. Affairs were not yet settled on the Plata, so that she might develop without danger her plans against her protégé of yesterday, whose present arrogance was insufferable to her, and whose progress disturbed her. The influence of Urquiza, a friend of Paraguay, must needs disappear in order that there might be an understanding with the oligarchy of Buenos Aires, always filled with prejudices against us. If in 1855 Brazil raised an army in Rio Grande, and at the same time sent the famous expedition of Ferreira de Oliveira to Paraguay, it was rather with a view to feel our pulse and try us with a simple threat. She did not yet desire war, we repeat. Those ridiculous dis-

¹Justo José de Urquiza: an Argentine statesman and general (1800-1870); he rose to prominence in the time of the dictator Rosas; he was governor of Entre Ríos in 1842; for six years he followed the fortunes of Rosas, but in 1851 he marched against him with 28,000 men and he overthrew him at Santos Lugares in 1852. Appointed provisional governor of the republic, the city of Buenos Aires turned against him, and, not being able to reduce it, he accepted the direction of the other thirteen provinces of the Union, conferred upon him by the congress of Santa Fe in 1853. In 1861 he was made commander-in-chief of the Argentine confederation; he declared war upon the province of Buenos Aires, but he was defeated by Mitre; signing a peace with Mitre, he returned to the governorship of Entre Ríos in 1868. In the same year he presented himself as a candidate for the presidency against Sarmiento, who was elected. Two years later he was assassinated by General Jordán, who had himself proclaimed governor of Entre Ríos.—THE EDITOR.

plays had a shameful ending. Admiral Oliveira, appointed plenipotentiary to settle the question of boundaries, presented himself at Tres Bocas with twenty steamships of war, 130 cannon and 5,000 men for disembarking. Carlos Antonio López, however, would not be convinced by such arguments; and he intimated to the foreign diplomat that he should not press forward, making, at the same time, a call upon the patria to gather together to drive out the invader who menaced us by land and water. In the face of the decided activity of the great Paraguayan president, the good admiral gathered spirit, he himself ascending unaccompanied as far as Asunción to treat with Solano López, appointed special plenipotentiary. From all this there resulted a treaty of friendship, and a convention postponing the settlement of the question of boundaries. All this fanfaronade on the part of the empire was, however, the starting-point of the train of violences upon which she must embark to impose her ambitious pretensions. We shall soon see how, later on, it was another admiral, a worthy emulator of Oliveira, the viscount Tamandaré, who intervened in Uruguay, appealing to similar bravados, in a time of absolute peace, against the illustrious government of President Berro.

Finally, a treaty, signed in 1855, postponed for six years the vexatious question with Brazil. We remained therefore facing two neighbors in the most difficult and dangerous situation.

Ought we to have neglected our defences during the truce established? Ought Paraguay or ought she not to have prepared herself to prevent her impending dismemberment?

There are the facts. It is easy to draw the consequences, especially now when she did not count upon the aid of any one, and her enemies had multiplied.

To fight against Rosas, Paraguay had Brazil at her side. To combat Brazil and Buenos Aires, she must count upon none but her own efforts, as we have seen. Decidedly Brazil was no longer her friend, not by a long way. We had frustrated her hopes. She thought to form a docile pupil, and it turned out to be an obstacle

to her unbridled ambitions. She had believed she would secure everything from Paraguay, in payment for her protection, which was in reality only for her own benefit; and Paraguay opposed the loss of a single foot of her diminished territorial inheritance. Above all, she no longer had need of Paraguay. Furthermore, Paraguay stood in her way, as the controller of navigation on the river that gave her access to Matto Grosso, as she was blocked by Uruguay, which held the key to the navigation of the affluents of the río de la Plata.

Behold, how in 1860, half a century after the proclamation of our independence, the existence of Paraguay was seen to be more threatened than ever. There was everywhere conspiracy against her now. The enemy was upon all her frontiers. The expected invasion from the south had already been intimated twice; on the north, an equal number of times the national soil had been desecrated. Argentina and Brazil coincided in their ambitions. In spite of the recognition of our independence, the dream of Rosas, the dream of Belgrano, the dream of the *junta* of 1810, the dream of Elizaldo, the never-vanished dream of the dwellers of the port¹—that of subduing Paraguay—was ever latent.

What ought the Paraguayan government to have done in such circumstances? It is clear that it would have been a crime, an act of treachery, to keep the country defenseless. Don Carlos Antonio López continued to arm Paraguay, without this being a menace to any one, but rather a very natural expression of instinctive preservation. Above all, these preparations ought not to attract the attention of Brazil, as she had contributed to them by sending instructors to our army, and engineers to lay out our works of defense. Brazil, which had aided Paraguay to arm and militarize herself, was, as no one else, in the secret of our international plans, not being able to overlook the fact that we sought nothing more than the preservation of our existence, within our frontier, in fact and in right.

Where then is that "military despo-

¹Of Buenos Aires.—THE EDITOR.

tism that menaced America, as to-day the German despotism menaces Europe," according to Koebel?

Were we, perhaps, a danger to the Argentine republic? Had we the ambition of usurping her territory?

History, señores, will always charge itself with making reply.

In 1859, when Paraguay was now a military power, the Argentine republic was in a state of overt anarchy. Buenos Aires, separated from the confederacy, like an independent state, was at war with the rest of the country. In Europe there were two Argentine ministers, one of them the minister of Buenos Aires, and one of the confederation. Mitre was moving in Brazil to induce the emperor to recognize the independence of the rebel province, and a witness of that political chaos, the Chilean Lastarria, was able to write that in Argentina "there was neither interest nor sentiment that might serve as a basis of nationality and give it unity."

Was the moment propitious or not for the Paraguayan "military despotism" to fall upon the neighboring country?

What did Paraguay do, in the meantime?

Mr. Koebel does not say. We, however, are going to say it for ourselves: PARAGUAY WAS WORKING FOR THE UNITY OF THE ARGENTINES, FOR THE STRENGTHENING OF THEIR NATIONALITY!

After the battle of Cepeda, in which the army of Buenos Aires was defeated, Urquiza marched triumphant upon the capital city. That was the supreme moment for the land of Alberdi. Anarchy was about to produce a crisis, and torrents of blood were to flow anew. "The military despotism that threatened America" ought to have been dead with joy, and preparing to assist in the definitive debilitation of its future victim, ready to hurl itself with a fine swoop upon her immense territory. . . . But no: it did not happen thus. Another was the attitude of the noble father of the "Paraguayan William II" invented by Koebel. Don Carlos Antonio López, who had tens of thousands of soldiers, hundreds of cannon, military arsenals, iron foundries and a numerous squadron,

but only to make the rights of his country respected, hastened to save a sister country, flew to save those who within the hostile city had always conspired against Paraguay. His friendly mediation was accepted; his son, Solano López, at that time a general, signed the celebrated compact of November 11, 1859, in which the peace and reconciliation of the Argentines was established, the Paraguayan government guaranteeing the carrying out of all that was stipulated.

Solano López was received in Buenos Aires as a savior beneath triumphal arches. Urquiza, not knowing how to express his gratitude to him, presented him with the sword which he had drawn at Cepeda.

Was this, perhaps, the conduct of a threatening "military despotism"?

We are now seeing that decidedly Koebel is a great deceiver!

Let us go forward rapidly, however. "Solano López inherited the government," says our author, "of the only country where there existed a despotic militarism, and, like William II, he concerned himself that the efficiency and number of his troops should be increased until he should have an army that would find no equal upon the continent. . . ."

Solano López, we reply, inherited the government of the one South American country whose independence continued to be problematical after fifty years of existence. He occupied the presidency, elected by the representatives of the people, at the precise moment in which terminated the truce of six years, established in 1856, to settle the question of boundaries with neighbors. This same Solano López, conscious of the difficult situation, and animated only by an ardent desire to save his country, began his government by addressing himself confidentially to President Mitre, in order to express to him his longing to settle the only contention pending between the countries that had confided to them their destinies, upon the basis of what belonged to them by law, outlining to him, at the same time, the program of a solidary and fraternal policy. In this correspondence is the best offset to the affirmations of Koebel. It can be depended upon to demonstrate

that the inheritor of the prudent but energetic don Carlos Antonio López did not purpose to depart from the path traced by his father by hurling himself blindly upon war. It is Mitre who leaves verification of this in his *Lealtad y amistosos sentimientos del gobierno paraguayo* (Loyalty and Friendly Sentiments of the Paraguayan Government), and of the regard that the second López always manifested for the Argentine republic. It is also Mitre who in this correspondence thus makes apology for the "Paraguayan William II":

Your excellency is, on many accounts, in a more favorable situation than ours, at the head of a tranquil and laborious people that is growing great by peace, and attracting the attention of the world in this regard; with powerful means of government, which it secures *from this same peaceful condition*; respected and esteemed by all the neighbors who cultivate profitable relations of commerce with it; its policy *is traced in advance*, and its task is perhaps more easy than ours in these tempestuous regions, since, as an English newspaper of this city has well said, "your excellency is the Leopold of the regions, whose steamers ascend and descend the higher rivers carrying the peaceful banner of commerce, and whose position will be so much the greater and more respectable *in proportion as this method of existence shall become extended in these countries.*" . . .

The ruler and the country that are portrayed in this picture do not coincide with the William II of Koebel, nor with his Prussia.

It was Mitre who spoke thus, in 1864, on the eve of the war. It is not possible to believe that he would be ignorant of the existence of a military despotism in Paraguay and that he would not know that López was growing in power as a menace to America. Koebel affirms categorically that he knew, as he says, that "Brazil, Argentina and *other countries contiguous to Paraguay*, began to be concerned with the menace of Paraguayan militarism, there being observed in America the same symptoms of disquietude and dislike as were observed in Europe for more than a decade prior to the breaking out of the war."

It is seen that Koebel is as ill informed in history as in American geography. What he says of Solano López is as false

as that Paraguay had other contiguous countries besides Brazil and Argentina. . . . It had only one country, Bolivia, and this one, if it was alarmed, it was because of Brazilian imperialism, protesting against the crime of the Triple alliance, and even offering her support to Paraguay.

Let Koebel read what President Mitre wrote the day before the war, regarding the pacifism of Paraguay and its government. *Let him understand* with Mitre, that he says to López that "it is called to occupy a position which will be so much the greater and more respectable as this method of existence shall become extended in these countries."

Putting aside folly, like this that Paraguay was the only country where there existed a despotic militarism, when in all America there existed nothing but military dictators, more or less barbarous and continuous, we pass on to another fundamental affirmation. Koebel says that López, having prepared his "iron hand," could no longer resist the temptation of launching himself in the train of conquest, and that as the first step toward the foundation of the "empire of America," he took advantage of an insignificant pretext to invade Brazil.

The quoted words of General Mitre also give the lie to Koebel in this part. Whence does he obtain all that he relates to us so tranquilly? What "iron hand" was he going to have if he was "the Leopold of these regions, whose steamers ascended and descended the higher rivers, bearing the peaceful banner of commerce"?

The bellicose attitude of William II does not well fit this laborious and tranquil president painted by Mitre. . . . We ought to say that here is where the documentation is more abundant to discredit the calumniator. We regret not being able to descend to details in order to give all the proofs of our assertions. They are not necessary, however, since to-day all that we are going to relate has been judged in the past.

Let us pass the events in review at full speed.

While Paraguay was living the peaceful

life that Mitre describes to us, and López took pride in being the "American Leopold," tragedy was brewing in the country of the Plata. In the precise moments in which the mutual regard of a fraternal correspondence seemed to assure peace, making a friendly relation possible, General Venancio Flores marched out of Buenos Aires, under the protection of the Argentine government, and invaded Uruguay, whose president, full of prevision, was undertaking an alliance with Paraguay, which should unite the two countries in their common danger. Flores, who was a lieutenant of Mitre's, took the field, arousing the republic. Affairs being thus, Brazil entered into action, making a demand upon Uruguay for supposed damages and injuries suffered during the last ten years. Berro answered this inopportune demand with another demand, much more serious, for damages and injuries suffered by Uruguayans upon Brazilian soil. The empire then addressed an ultimatum to Uruguay, giving that republic a peremptory period of six days to heed her reclamations, which being passed, her armies on sea and land would force her to yield complete satisfaction. At the same time, the squadron of the empire blockaded Montevideo, and an army drew near the frontier, threatening.

What was the purpose of such conduct? It was the outcome of the diplomatic proceedings initiated by Ferreira de Oliveira in Paraguay!

The tragedy was about to begin. López became alarmed. He thought of the fate of his country, with which Brazil had grave matters to compose. "The logical step would have been to wait," says a notable Brazilian writer, "since after violently settling her questions with Uruguay she might undertake to do the same with Paraguay."

What to do? We had, on the other hand, a duty to fulfil, as the guarantors of the independence of Uruguay, by the treaty of 1850.

The conduct of the empire was very suspicious, taking into account the antecedents of the cis-Platan regions, the missions of Abrantes and San Amaro, and

a thousand other circumstances, which it would take long to enumerate.

This time, as in 1859, López offered his mediation to the empire. His good offices were naturally not accepted, however.

The ultimatum became effective, Tamandaré proceeding by water, and Mena Barreto by land against Uruguay, without a declaration of war, and in the midst of perfect peace.

The Brazilian army took possession of Cerro Largo, directing itself immediately against Salto, while Tamandaré ascended the Uruguay river to bombard Paysandú.

Fabres put himself in accord with the Brazilians, forming with them a treaty of alliance, which Mitre did not wish to sign, but which he indeed did not have to sign, because the Uruguayan leader, his lieutenant, did it for him. From that moment all was in perfect understanding, and, in fact, there now existed the Triple alliance against Paraguay.

López followed events from afar, receiving from Mitre hypocritical explanations regarding his suspicious conduct. When he had official notice of the ultimatum, he could no longer doubt that the die was cast for Paraguay. Addressing to the emperor the historic protest of August 30, 1864, by which he notified him that he would consider the occupation of Uruguay an attack upon the equilibrium of the río de la Plata, which concerned Paraguay as a guaranty of her security, and discharging himself of responsibility for the results of that declaration.

"To proceed as López did," says the great Teixeira Méndez, "it was necessary to be convinced that ambitious views of absorption were the true motives of the policy of Brazil at that time; the Oriental republic¹ being subdued, it was to be supposed that she would settle by arms her old question of boundaries."

We have already seen that the empire did not stop at the protests of Paraguay. She invaded Uruguay, took Salto and laid siege to Paysandú. This city was cannonaded until projectiles failed Tamandaré,

¹Uruguay, called *la Banda Oriental*, *El Oriente* and *la república Oriental del Uruguay*.—THE EDITOR.

who, according to Paranhos, provided himself with balls from the arsenals of Buenos Aires, although Mitre continued to proclaim his neutrality.

It was the Argentine Carlos Guido Spano who tells us how Brazil assured the coöperation of Mitre in the war she was preparing against Paraguay.

We have said that he did not wish to sign the alliance with Flores. On the other hand, however, he promised not to permit the Paraguayans to pass through the deserts of Corrientes, if they attempted to invade Rio Grande.

This was simply to promise an alliance, since the fact foreseen must happen, as there would be no other way to wound Brazil in her heart.

We omit facts and leap forward to December, 1865.

López waited four months to fulfil his promise contained in the protest of August 30. When, however, he lost all hope that Brazil would desist from her abuses and her atrocious violences, he could do no less than begin operations against the age-long enemy. It was a question of defending our own life against the conqueror, who began by overrunning a friendly country in order to fall next upon us.

And this is called an insignificant pretext by the famous Koebel! Surely he would have wished us to cross our arms and extend our necks, in order that we might be decapitated, without murmuring. . . .

Why then does Mr. Koebel commend the conduct of Russia against the ultimatum of Austria to Serbia, and the conduct of England against the invasion of Belgium?

There are not two moralities in the world. Morality is one, friend Koebel! It must not be forgotten that Russia and England were moved by reasons purely ideal, and not in the presence of an imminent danger, as Paraguay was.

What conquest did we seek in beginning the war against Brazil?

Let Koebel say.

We sought, yes, a conquest, that of right, that of international justice.

We invaded Matto Grosso, but it was to secure our rear, in order to be able to

hasten to the aid of Uruguay. Has this any likeness to the conduct of Germany?

Nevertheless Koebel says that López sought the foundation of the empire of America, it being strange that he does not speak of the crown designed for the Virgin of Asunción, sent from Europe by the minister, Benítez, and taken in Buenos Aires when the war began. . . .

The empire of America! A miserable fabrication, which rests upon no proof, repeated by historians of the Plata and by the historians of Rio de Janeiro. As if the slave-holding empire of Brazil were not enough, followed by a retinue of Buenos Aires *republicans*!

However, let us touch upon the last of these commentaries.

The analogies between the war of Paraguay and the European war are such, according to Koebel, that even the former was begun by an assault upon Argentine neutrality, to attack Brazil, and the latter by an assault upon Belgium, to attack France.

A greater mystification could not be caused. The two cases were absolutely different.

Paraguay asked permission of Argentina to cross a small desert zone of her territory, because of her necessity to push the war against her powerful enemy, remembering that the duties of the strictest neutrality obliged her to concede this permission, as Argentina had permitted ten years before the passage of a Brazilian army through her river territory against Paraguay.

Is there anything of this in the case of Belgium? We have had no news of it.

Denied the permission, which Argentina had promised to Brazil, López declared war upon the Argentine republic and invaded her territory as a belligerent. Where then is the violated neutrality, of which Koebel speaks?

In the archives of Corrientes are found proofs that this province was at the disposition of the Brazilian agents, who communicated with their agents under a cover directed to the minister of Foreign Relations of the Argentine republic, and they could even occupy the ships of the squadron of that country!

I do not know that anything of this has to do with the case of Belgium.

The hour to conclude has arrived, however.

According to what we have set forth, very rapidly, it is seen that the parallel which it has been sought to make between Paraguay and Germany, and between López and William II is wholly impossible, and is based upon absolutely false statements. The war of Paraguay was simply the last act in the drama of our independence, an episode of the long process of our dismemberment.

We armed and militarized ourselves to defend ourselves. We succumbed because we did not finish preparing ourselves, because they did not give us time to receive the elements that would have assured us of victory.

Solano López was the last hero and the last martyr of our foreign liberty!

Imperialists and conquerors were those who signed the secret treaty of the Triple alliance, the most criminal document that has ever been seen by the peoples of America, in which the division of our territory and the limitation of our sovereignty were cynically stipulated, even the form in which the pillaged booty would be distributed to the enemy being established.

Notable Brazilian and Argentine men condemn the alliance. When the text of the treaty was known, the republics of the Pacific protested against it.

Can we forget the pages of Alberdi in defense of Paraguay? Alberdi, the lofty American thinker, would not have been the defender of a Prussian militarism, nor the panegyrist of a *Paraguayan William II*. Alberdi, the author of *El crimen de la guerra* (The Crime of the War), is also the author of that book, sacred for us, which is called *El imperio del Brazil ante la democracia de América* (The Empire of Brazil before the Democracy of America). Let Koebel read it, and he will begin to know the truth regarding the events which he judges with such lightness. He will then understand that Alberdi was

right when he said that Paraguay defended in the war the cause of civilization, and that Solano López had not his equal, either in San Martín or in Bolívar, or in the best types of great and indomitable constancy presented by the history of the world!

We shall conclude this disquisition with the following affirmations, taken from a sensational Argentine book, published in these days, in respect of the European war, and in the presence of the dangers that to-day threaten those who one day contributed to our sacrifice:

The ravage of Paraguay was an enormous error of Bartolomé Mitre's, until to-day unrepaired. . . . By only remaining neutral we should have done an excellent business. We went to war, however, in the tow of Brazil . . . aiding Brazil blindly against Paraguay. We ought to rectify that mistaken policy. We are bound to give reparation to Paraguay. . . .

Is not this an Argentine *mea culpa*, Mr. Koebel?

It is, indeed. It is because the times have changed, however. A short time ago the land of Mitre was the champion of that doctrine of "American equilibrium," which brought Solano López so much laughter. Some time ago she proclaimed the principle that "victory confers no right," after laying hold of our territory of Misiones, and under the pressure of the empire, which again converted herself into the protector of Paraguay. To-day she already sees things with more sincerity, and she recognizes the faults committed. To-day Argentina is just toward us . . . especially when she sees arising again with threatening the startling shadow of Brazilian imperialism.

Only Mr. Koebel, in order to attack Germany, continues to repeat the ancient story.

It must not be forgotten, however, that he writes in London, and that the English are wont to be insinuating, but very insinuating when they wish. . . .

ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE¹

This brief article throws light upon the marked economic development which has recently taken place in Spain, due to such causes as the loss of the colonies, the determination of the people to secure economic independence and the advantage of the position of Spain as a neutral during the present war.—THE EDITOR.

ALL peoples incline toward economic independence, just as thoughtful individuals tend toward freedom by means of work. A very limited number of the latter achieve, at the end of an extremely laborious life, an absolute independence, from the standpoint of work, and to which they ought not to devote themselves if it constitutes a capital, the income from which promises inertia of mind or body. It is impossible to effect the independence of peoples, however, in an absolute manner, because all of them have need of a related life.

History clearly demonstrates this. In one of his books Proudhon tells us that the laws of political economy are the laws of history, and that societies move beneath the action of economic laws, and that they destroy themselves by their violation, and he adds that the progress of society is measured in accordance with the development of industry and the perfecting of implements.

Bring to mind the nation that produces most and exports most. It will always need to acquire something that it may not have, or which, possessing it, may be inferior in quality or dearer in price. It will have need of the immigration of laborers, and it will have to submit at last to the principle of relation between one and another people.

Suppose that one of the peoples isolates itself wholly, closing its frontiers to products, men and telegraphic cables, its material life would be possible only in so far as it might subject itself to the deprivation of all that its territory might not produce, and to an extent it could abate the excess of production until it should become regulated with time upon the basis of consumption; but its spiritual life

would be impossible, and there is no collectivity that would accept isolation, just as there is no individual who would voluntarily cast himself into prison. Moreover, economic independence would not be, in the supposed established case, such an independence, for it is created relatively by means of an industrial and commercial struggle and upon the basis of a limited production: principles that would not exist in the imaginary case.

All peoples, however, tend by nature to industrial perfection, to exteriorize the greatest coefficient of work, to progress in production and to create the instruments necessary to prevent being subordinated by others.

Spain has bent herself silently to this task since the loss of her colonies, and, in spite of the fact that her population increases little, the value of the national wealth is rising. From 1900 until before the beginning of the European war, the area devoted to cereals was greater in hectares, and the average production higher, both in leguminous and fatty products; wealth in swine, minerals and metals was greater; and there was a gain in foreign commerce, which in 1900 reached a total of 1,800,000,000, and had attained in 1913, before the war, to 2,600,000,000, which gives in itself an idea of the general growth in Spanish production and interchange.

We continue to show therefore greater evidences of national vitality, which will reflect also in popular saving, not only in the official treasuries, but also in the private vaults of banks and in the number of depositors.

If we turn our attention to other signs—urban, commercial, agricultural, industrial, social, etc.—we shall see a higher expression of well-being and riches. Spain is more independent than it was seventeen years ago, and it will become more so with

¹Published as an editorial in *Comercio Español* of Montevideo, Uruguay.—THE EDITOR.

the passing of time, if we understand how to exercise the policy of liberty, and if the state does not interrupt with acts that might militate against this liberty.

Because of the economic position in which the world has placed us, foreign money has suffered and still suffers breaks of importance, in the same manner as Spanish money suffered them on a great scale before the war.

This gain in interchange has permitted a nationalization of the values that were in foreign hands, and all the efforts that have been made on the part of a certain nation, by delivering as a guaranty loans of Spanish values and gold intended for the national bank, have produced no other than a momentary effect, while the compensating function of interchange was in operation.

To such an extent has this been true that a very significant personage, in the financial sense, of a foreign nation, has studied in Spain the method of raising credit by means of economic compensations of commercial, industrial and agricultural products, and there is being considered the establishment of a convention on the basis of supplying products for products, in order that, in respect of exchange, there may be a kind of barter, as in prehis-

toric times, in which money did not circulate.

It can not be legalized in the proposed form, because the terms of the postulate are contrary to Spanish expediency. We shall need the concurrence of other peoples and other productions, and it is not just to decline to reciprocate with ours, when it may be useful, just as now, to those to whom, by reason of the war, certain economic advantages are necessary; but these terms will have to adjust themselves more to equity in order to be easily incorporated in commercial treaties.

We lack much, certainly, of achieving this economic independence, which, without being absolute, is of sufficient importance to satisfy the aspirations and desires of the people: it remains to us to nationalize completely our foreign 4 per cent. debt; to regain the titles to the railways, street-car lines, mines, etc., etc.; to produce more gold, and carry forward other improvements, which only with the passage of time and upon the basis of sound political economy, and at the cost of work we shall succeed in effecting; but it is not a trifle that we are in a condition to be, as we are now, asked by foreign countries to enact agreements which, for the moment, are of more importance to them than to ourselves.





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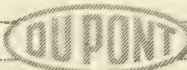
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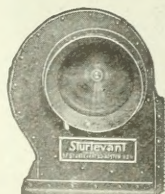


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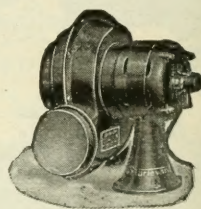
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